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RIVIERA NUMBER + ALL USUAL FEATURES

The BYSTANDER

HEDGES AND BUTLER LTD.
WINE MERCHANTS
By appointment to H.M. the King and H.R.H. the Prince of Wales.
WINE LISTS ON APPLICATION
LONDON: 153 REGENT ST., W.1

BOLLINGER'S CHAMPAGNE
Special Cuvée
By Appointment to H.M. KING GEORGE V.

INDIAN TEAK PARQUET FLOORS.
Best for dancing & general wear. London - made, from seasoned stocks, by original patentees,
HOWARD & SONS, LTD.
25-27, Berners Street, W. 1.

DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.

Stomach Troubles in Infancy
are quickly relieved by DINNEFORD'S MAGNESIA.
It prevents the food of infants from turning sour during digestion, and is at all times a safe and effective aperient.
The universal remedy for ACIDITY OF THE STOMACH, HEARTBURN, HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, SOUR ERUCTATIONS, BILIOUS AFFECTIONS.
Solid or powdered Magnesia should on no account be given to infants or taken by adults, as it is liable to form hard, insoluble lumps in the bowels, endangering or even destroying life.
No such risk arises from the use of Dinneford's Magnesia, recommended by doctors for over 100 years.
AVOID IMITATIONS.
Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

HOTEL du LOUVRE
Places du Théâtre Français and du Palais Royal.
SPLENDID CENTRAL LOCATION
ENTIRELY RENOVATED.
400 ROOMS. 200 BATHROOMS.
Cable Address: "Louvrotel, Paris."

Barker & Dobson
"Viking is its own reward." 4/- per lb. in price, but much more in quality.
LIVERPOOL & 174, Piccadilly, London.
VIKING CHOCOLATES

PRICE ONE SHILLING: By Inland Post, 1s. 1½d. OFFICES LONDON: Tallis St., E.C.4. PARIS: 35 Rue Lafayette. ROTTERDAM: West Zeedijk, 48E.

Where One Is Safe Four Others Pay

Don't pay Pyorrhea's Price—
Brush your teeth with Forhan's

Every man and woman is in danger of Pyorrhea. Four persons out of every five past forty, and thousands younger, are victims of this disease.

Are you willing to pay the penalty—lost teeth and shattered health?

If not, don't neglect your teeth. Visit your dentist regularly and make Forhan's For the Gums your dentifrice.

Forhan's For the Gums, used in time and used consistently, will prevent Pyorrhea or check its course.

Economical to use—get it at all chemists.

FREE *Liberal One Week Trial Tube sent free on request*

Thos Christy & Co., Dept. 38,
4–12, Old Swan Lane, London, E.C.4.

Forhan's

FOR THE GUMS

More than a tooth paste
—it checks Pyorrhea.

FURNITURE, exceptionally fine modern, also **GENUINE ANTIQUES** and **WORKS OF ART**
including draperies, carpets, etc.

The whole of this magnificent collection, removed from the West End to our Depositories, for convenience of sale, CAN BE SEEN DAILY FROM 9 TILL 7, INCLUDING THURS. and SATS. Any item may be purchased separately. Goods not required for immediate delivery can remain stored FREE 12 months. Payment when required. A unique opportunity for private buyers and dealers alike.

DINING-ROOM, RECEPTION-ROOMS, and **LIBRARIES** comprise choice examples of Adams, Chippendale, and Sheraton style, besides old oak refectory and other tables, Charles and Cromwellian chairs and buffets, old armour, and other trophies. A COMPLETE SET OF JACOBEAN DESIGN, INCLUDING BUFFET SIDEBOARD, CHAIRS, and DINING TABLE, offered at 18 Gns. COMPLETE SET IN CHIPPENDALE STYLE, including sideboard, dining chairs, and dining table, offered at 35 Gns. COMPLETE SET IN SHERATON STYLE, including sideboard, set of dining chairs and dining table, offered at 45 Gns. These few examples serve to illustrate the extremely low prices at which these goods are being sold. A VERY MAGNIFICENT COMPLETE DINING-ROOM SET OF QUEEN ANNE STYLE in finely figured walnut with carved and gilt relief, original cost 700 Gns., is being disposed of at 276 Gns. Art dealers should inspect. Grandfather clock en suite 20 Gns.

BEDROOMS AND DRESSING-ROOMS include some unique specimens of ANTIQUE FOUR-POST BEDS, TALL BOY AND OTHER CHESTS, GENTLEMAN'S WARDROBE, OLD BUFFET DRESSING TABLES, in styles of Elizabethan, William and Mary, Queen Anne, etc., all to be sold quite regardless of original cost.

COMPLETE BEDROOM SUITES, comprising large wardrobe, dressing chest washing stand, etc., of very uncommon design in solid oak, also similar Suites in white enamel, from 7 guineas. MAHOGANY BEDROOM SUITES of Old English style, 19 Gns. COMPLETE SUITES in Sheraton and Chippendale style at 22 Gns. MAGNIFICENT SETS of rich satinwood and silver ash, black and gold lacquer of Chinese taste, French Louis XV lacquered and gilt, up to 700 guineas. Several large SOLID MAHOGANY WARDROBES of Early Victorian style offered from 12 Gns.

DRAWING-ROOMS AND BOUDOIRS in English and Continental styles. Art dealers attention is particularly called to a complete set of Louis XV style, comprising large settee and 6 fauteuils, 3-fold screen, and window seat, very finely carved and gilt seats and backs covered fine old Aubusson tapestries.

LARGE LOUNGE SETTEES & EASY CHAIRS are of exceptionally fine make, most having loose down cushion seats and backs and covered in real leather, choice silk, velvets, tapestries, and art linen, settees 3 gns. each up to 35 gns. and easy chairs from 37s. 6d. each up to 20 gns.

PIANOFORTES.—A fine toned grand pianoforte in first-class condition offered at 25 guineas, and upright pianofortes from 10 guineas.

Valuable collection of statuary, marble figures, also bronzes, FRENCH CHINA DESSERT SETS COMPLETE at 2 guineas.

COMPLETE CANTEENS containing cutlery by Mappin and Webb and other eminent makers, from £4 17s. 6d.: **FINE CUT GLASS** and other table services, silver and plate, tea and dinner services, grandfather and bracket chiming clocks, iron safes, quantity of bed and table linen.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT

Complete Photographic Illustrated Catalogues (P) now ready. May be had free on application.

THE FURNITURE & FINE ART DEPOSITORIES Ltd.

PARK ST., UPPER ST., ISLINGTON, LONDON, N.1

Train fares and cab fares allowed to all customers.

'Buses No. 4, 19, 30 and 43 pass our door.

Goods delivered to any part.

Own a SINGER and be satisfied

A Story of Satisfaction for EVERYMAN.

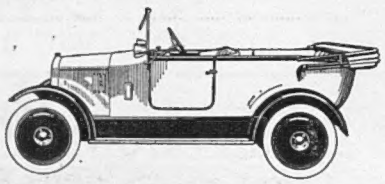
"WHY stint yourself the pleasure of motoring, when you can get a SINGER for £200? Somehow or other I always looked upon a car as beyond my pocket. I'm one of those sort of chaps that want a *car* if I have one, none of your "*apologies*" for me; I would rather go without. But when I woke up to the fact that I could get a Four Seater SINGER for £210, and by deferred payments if I chose, I cut out the "ifs" and embarked upon a larger life without limitations. My SINGER has proved an "open sesame" to health and pleasure. Expensive? Not a bit of it! When four of us can do forty miles to the gallon, and get out every evening and week-end to just wherever we fancy, it's not an expense, my boy, it's an economy. My only regret is that I did not begin motoring with a SINGER before."

Rotax Lighting and Starting Equipment. All Singer Cars can be purchased on Deferred Payments through any Singer Agent. Illustrated Catalogues and full particulars sent with pleasure.

SINGER & CO., LTD., COVENTRY.

London Showrooms: 17, Holborn Viaduct, E.C.1.
London Service Depot: York Works, Brewery Road, Holloway, N.

The Story of the SINGER is always a Story of Satisfaction.



H.P

Special Stock-taking Sale Offers in LINEN & COTTON GOODS

Stock-taking Bargains direct from the Oldest Established Linen Manufacturers in Ulster, and carrying our usual guarantee.

Estd. 1824. *By Appt. to H.M. the King.*

COTTON SHEETS
2 x 2½ yds. **12/6** & **15/11** per pair
2 x 3 yds. **15/-** & **18/-** per pair

LINEN PILLOW CASES
20 x 30 ins. **2/6** each
In Heavy Cotton: 20 x 30 ins. **1/9** each

UNBLEACHED SHEETS
60 x 80 ins. **8/11** per pair
70 x 90 ins. **11/6** per pair

HEMMED HUCKABACK TOWELS
7/6, 10/6, 12/- per half-dozen

Write for Sale Catalogue, mentioning "The Bystander." We pay carriage on all orders over £1 in value.

MURPHY & ORR, LTD.,
BELFAST . . . NORTHERN IRELAND

FROCKS & SMOCKS

LILLA

SMART WALKING GOWN.

No. 433.—A charming model suitable in cloth or silk. The skirt shows a welcome change, though still adhering to the sheath effect. Front overskirt trimmed embroidery.

Gabardine, **9 Gns.**
Repp, **9½ Gns.**
Wool Marocain, **10½ Gns.**
Silk Marocain, **10½ Gns.**
Hat 145 as illustrated **2½ Gns**

Have you any materials lying idle?

I specialise in making up odd lengths into serviceable and artistic cloaks, frocks, smocks, blouses, etc.

LILLA SMOCKS.

"The Lady" says: "*LILLA smocks are picturesque yet practical.*" Made in a variety of materials of which the following are the most serviceable: Tub Fabrics from 17/11, Ratines & Sunproofs from 25/9, Tussore from 42/-, Wool Stockinette from 52/6. Skirts from 12/11

Turn it into a Coat Frock

A last year's costume is usually well worth transforming into a three-piece suit or coat frock which may often be accomplished with only a small amount of additional material, and is a great economy. Estimates free on receipt of garments.

Write for COLOURED CATALOGUE "S" & PATTERNS.

SENT ON FREE APPROVAL. Goods sent on free approval on receipt of deposit or two trade references.

LILLA 53 HIGH ST., CLAPHAM, LONDON, S.W.
7 minutes from Victoria by Elevated Electric to Clapham Road, (Not Clapham Junction) Frequent trains. Nearly opposite Williamson & Cole. 'Phone Battersea 1906.

The Name of "Dorcas"

Puritans often borrowed the name of Dorcas, that woman of Joppa "full of good works." Scott gives the name to an old woman in "Kenilworth," perhaps one of the Elizabethan Puritans, and there is a Dorcas in Shakespeare's "Winter's Tale." The name is closely associated with the old-world craft of the needle, of late years so much revived, which has produced a demand for fine fabrics of honest, old-world Puritan quality. Ladies do not like to work a needle through coarse, hard material, weighted and cheapened with artificial dress or filling, and for their use a Manchester House with a history dating back into the 18th century produces

DORCAS CAMBRIC

"The Puritan Cambric made again"

The name, stamped on every yard of the selvedge, denotes an exceptionally soft and durable cambric, all of which is purest cotton of the finest quality, strong and of permanent, clear whiteness.

A Dorcas Handkerchief—the only handkerchief that is better than linen—will prove the good qualities of Dorcas Cambric.

For all fine sewing—handkerchiefs, underwear, children's pinafores, baby garments and the like—Dorcas is unequalled for strength and permanent whiteness.

40 inches wide, **1/11½** *a yard.*

May we send a free pattern and the name of a draper in your neighbourhood who has Dorcas Cambric and Dorcas Handkerchiefs in stock?

J. & N. PHILIPS & CO., LTD.
(Advt. Dept.)
MANCHESTER

"CHARM"

Woman's sweetest attribute

In olden times charm was associated with daintiness and slenderness, but to-day it is more faithfully defined by skin health and loveliness.

Pond's Vanishing Cream applied to the complexion occasionally during the day adds a finer, smoother texture to the skin. As a protector against the ill-effects of biting winds, Pond's Vanishing Cream has no superior. It also has a wonderful freshening effect.

Pond's Cold Cream should be massaged into the face each night. It rids the pores of dust and dirt accumulations and makes the skin smooth and charming.

"TO SOOTHE AND SMOOTH YOUR SKIN."

From all Chemists and Stores in jars at 1/3 and 2/6 and tubes 7½d. (handbag size) and 1/-.

For men's use. The use of Pond's Vanishing Cream after shaving not only is delightful but keeps the skin smooth and in perfect condition and makes the next shave easier.

FREE SAMPLES

Pond's Extract Co. will send on receipt of 3d. in stamps for postage and packing, a sample tube of both Vanishing Cream and Cold Cream.

POND'S EXTRACT CO., 71 Southampton Row, LONDON, W.C. 1.

Pond's Vanishing Cream

Woodville

NON-SLIP TRANSFORMATIONS.

NO NETWORK. NO FRAGILE PARTS. SECURE.

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS *(as sketch)*, With NATURAL PARTING From 6 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 5 Guineas.

TOUPETS from £4 17 6

DURABLE and HARD WEARING

ALL ROUND TRANSFORMATIONS Without PARTING From 3 Guineas.

SEMI Ditto from 2 Guineas.

TOUPETS from £1 17 6

Artistic Perfection in every detail.

A Selection of Chignons, Switches, etc., always in Stock.

SEND FOR ILLUSTRATED PRICE LIST.

WOODVILLE TEINTURE.—Convenient for touching up the temples and front of the Hair. In the following shades: Pale Ashy Blond, Golden Blond, Chestnut, Light Brown, Medium Brown, Dark Brown & Black. Price 2/6 Bottle. Postage 4d. extra.

THE WOODVILLE CO.

(Late 119, REGENT STREET),

1, BERNERS STREET (3rd floor), **OXFORD ST., W.1.**

(Opposite Bourne & Hollingsworth's)

Inventors, Patentees, and Sole Manufacturers and Vendors of the widely popular WOODVILLE Transformations. Maison de Confiance.

PATON'S BOOT & SHOE LACES

Laces are so inexpensive that it is no economy to buy other than the best. The best laces are those which, whilst giving the longest wear, retain their smart appearance and colour.

Such are Paton's Laces.

PRICES:

Boot Laces: 2d., 3d. & 4d. per pair.

Shoe Laces: 4d. & 6d. per pair.

In Black, Tan, White, Nigger and Grey.

Leather Laces: 4d. & 6d. per pair.

Most boot-dealers, stores and repairers sell them—in case of difficulty write to the mills.

WM. PATON LTD., JOHNSTONE, SCOTLAND.

℗ P 16.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW TEA GOWNS IN RICH QUALITY SILKS

Graceful Tea Gown *in rich quality broché crepe de Chine. The sleeves are composed of handsome lace dyed to tone and finished with beaded tassels to match. In Black, Nigger and a few artistic colours.*

PRICE

10½ Gns.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SWEDEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN

By appointment to HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF SPAIN

LITTLE BOYS' COATS OF EXCLUSIVE DESIGN

Our Children's Outfitting Department is one of the most interesting sections of our business, and we have a world-wide reputation for the dainty and exclusive character of all our productions. Every garment is designed by our own expert, and made on the premises by our own workers from high-grade materials that we can recommend with every confidence.

SMART COAT (as sketch) for little boy, in good quality tweed, well tailored, lined silk polonaise and finished with bone buttons. In Brown Mastic and mixture only. PRICE

In size for 2 years .. 4½ **Gns.**
" " 3 " .. 5 "
" " 4 " .. 5½ "
" " 5 " .. 6 "

CAP to match, smartly stitched and trimmed feather mount, **42/-**

Debenham & Freebody (DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street. (Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

Quality Tells

Wm. Sanderson & Son
Distillers—LEITH

£50 a Week for Six Weeks

IS ONE OF THE PRIZES TO BE WON IN THE GREAT

£1000 Children's Beauty Competition

IN THE

DAILY GRAPHIC

YOU MAY ENTER AT ONCE.

See the "Daily Graphic" for full details.

NEW HATS FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

BECOMING HAT with straw crown and satin brim, trimmed glycerine ostrich mount. In Black only.

PRICE **69/6**

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Ground Floor Millinery Department

Write for booklet "The Tale of Ten Toes." It contains information of interest to every mother, and pictures which will please the children

Introducing Delta for Children

The shoe news of the month is the introduction of Delta for Children, a delightful series of hygienic shoes and boots for boys and girls. The manufacturers of Lotus and Delta for Men and Women have utilised all their long experience of shoe making and the ingenuity of talented shoe designers in producing these shoes. Delta for Children are made over special lasts of cunningly devised shapes, made to hold without undue pressure the growing feet of young folk. The choicest leathers and linings are used, numerous patterns are available and any Lotus agent will obtain —if not already in stock— the correct size and style required. Children's Delta Styles are for boys and girls of all ages from 4 to 16.

Delta
FOR CHILDREN

LOTUS LTD STAFFORD

Lounge Suit

Made from High Grade Scotch Tweeds, Saxonys and Cashmere Suitings.

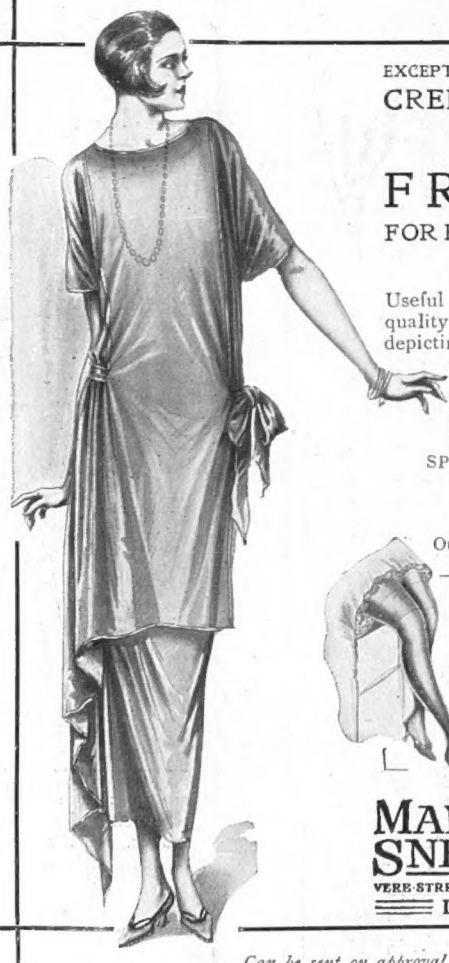
7 Gns.
TO ORDER

Also Black or Grey Jacket & Vest and Striped Trousers. *Patterns sent.*

Fredk. POOLE & CO.
— TAILORS —
219, Oxford St. London, W. 1.

1/- a tooth paid for discarded artificial teeth (Old only wanted). Metal plates extra. Cash by return.
Bankers: Midland Bank, Ltd.
B. DEMBO, 7, The Mall, BRISTOL.

Exide
THE LONG LIFE BATTERY
PRICES GREATLY REDUCED
219/229, Shaftesbury Avenue, W.C.2.



EXCEPTIONAL VALUE IN
CREPE DE CHINE
TEA FROCKS
FOR PRESENT WEAR

"RICA"

Useful Tea Frock in good quality crepe de Chine, depicting the tunic effect which is caught in at the hips and tied self sash. In all colours and Black.

SPECIAL PRICE
59/6
Outsize 21/- extra.

K 10. Maximum silk Holeproof stockings, in Black, White and all the newest colours. This stocking is now worn by thousands of our customers, and gives entire satisfaction. 5/11 per pr.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
LONDON W1

Can be sent on approval

THE BRITISH **BERKEFELD**
Filter Cylinder
SARDINIA HOUSE, KINGSWAY LONDON W.C.2.
FILTER

Foster IT'S THE CREAMIEST CUSTARD.
Reduced Prices. Family tins, 1 1/2d. Packets, 9d. Small Packets, 4d., 1 1/2d., 1d.
Clark's Cream Custard

HIMROD'S ASTHMA CURE
Gives instant relief from Catarrh, Asthma, etc.
THE STANDARD REMEDY FOR OVER 50 YEARS
4s. 6d. a tin.
At all Chemists.

Don't add Poor STAMPS to your collection. I will supply perfect specimens at attractive prices; trial selection of 1200 DIFFERENT BRITISH COLONIALS at 1/2d. to 2d. each, post free.
W. CHEESEMAN,
16, Addiscombe Road,
WATFORD.

AUTHORS.
WANTED: Poems, Plays, Novels, Children's Stories, etc. Known or unknown authors. Write MORLAND, Publisher, Amersham, Bucks. Estd. 1905.

For Sports or General Wear

The 'COLWYN'

Finest quality smooth fur felt furnishes the material for this simple little hat, which is faultless in style and suitable for sports or general wear. The particularly interesting shaped crown can be adapted to suit your own taste, and is trimmed with self-coloured galloon, effectively arranged in a looped design at the side. The mushroom brim, with narrow bound edge, completes this distinctive hat. In all the newest shades.

Colours: Champagne, Tangerine, Kingfisher, New Blue, Gold, Mignonette Green, Pumice, Light Grey, Castor, Beaver, Tan, Cuba, Nigger, Carbon, Elephant, Tabac, Navy, Black and White. Small, medium and large sizes.

PRICE **30/-**

BY APPOINTMENT

HENRY HEATH LTD
105·107·109·OXFORD ST.,W.

Write for address of nearest Henry Heath Agent.
A selection of Hats will be sent on approval.

BY APPOINTMENT

INEXPENSIVE HAND-MADE TROUSSEAU SET

For many years we have made a special study of Lingerie and have a world-wide reputation for the style, character and finish of our Underwear. Only reliable quality materials are used and the cut and workmanship are perfect.

NIGHTDRESS (as sketch) in good quality pure silk crepe de Chine, entirely hand-made, an exact copy of a French model, V-neck, and new sleeve, trimmed with dainty cream lace insertion, pin tucks in front. In Pink, Sky, Ivory, Mauve, Apricot, Yellow, Coral and Hyacinth.

PRICE **39/6**

Chemise to match - **29/6**
Knickers to match - **29/6**

Also in thoroughly reliable washing crepe Jersey silk. In Ivory, Pink, Sky, Yellow, Mauve, and Black.

PRICE **59/6**

Chemise to match - - **49/6**
Knickers to match - **49/6**

DUTCH BOUDOIR CAP in cream lace, trimmed with posy of flowers - - - **21/9**

Debenham & Freebody
(DEBENHAMS LIMITED)
Wigmore Street.
(Cavendish Square) London W.

Sent on approval.

The Beauties of Bath
No 3. Roman Circular Bath

HORSTMAN

The Beauty of Bath

CLEAN, good-looking lines characterise the Two-Seater Horstman, fully in keeping with its reputation for high speeds. Within, it is upholstered in leather, and lined with pile carpet. The glass side panels fitted to the four-panel windscreen effectually keep out side draughts and the erection of the hood and metal framed side curtains complete the protection against any kind of weather. The comfortably upholstered dickey seat accommodates two more passengers. Altogether a car you may well be proud to possess. Price £315. The new 9/20 h.p. Four-Seater is as fine looking a car as its bigger brother, and provides power in plenty for family motoring. At £240 complete it is remarkable value.

Send for YOUR copy of The HORSTMAN Catalogue.

HORSTMAN CARS LTD.
BATH.

"The Car that passes you"

H.P.

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

DISTINCTIVE KNITTED SUIT

OF ATTRACTIVE DESIGN

Knitted Woollen Suit *(as sketch) with coat in wrap-over shape, made of wool and silk in fancy overcheck of four colourings, most artistically blended. This Suit has a wrap-over skirt in self colour, edged with artificial silk to match. Made in a large range of seasonable shades.*

PRICE
$7\frac{1}{2}$ Gns.

Tan Calf Shoe, *slightly brogued, new broad strap leather heel. Price 39/6.*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W. 1

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

MODERATELY PRICED HATS FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR.

New Hat in canvas straw with almost straight brim, soft double edge. In most good colours ... ... Price **59/6**

This Hat will be found in our Ground Floor Millinery Dept.

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1

A Perfumed Velvety Cream that removes Hair like magic

1. *Spread Veet on just as it comes from the tube—*
2. *Wait a few minutes—*
3. *Rinse off with water—*
4. *And the hair is gone.*

For sale everywhere at

3/6

Also sent postage free in plain wrapper for 4/- or a trial size for 6d. in stamps. Address: Dae Health Laboratories, 68, Bolsover St., London, W.1.

IMPORTANT WARNING. Veet is being imitated. Do not be deceived by advertisements which are made to look and read like ours. Veet is the original and only genuine cream hair remover. Beware of imitations and harmful substitutes which stain and injure your skin.

NEW

CELES CREPE

OVER SHIRT

FOR EARLY SPRING WEAR

ATTRACTIVE Over Shirt (as sketch) made in Celes crepe in distinctive design of wide paisley stripes on crêne ground, perfectly cut and tailored, narrow band fastening two pearl buttons. Sizes 13 to 14½.

PRICE **79/6**

Outsize **3/-** extra.

Nigger deer 2-bar Shoe, Calf strappings, smart military heel.

Price **59/6**

Similar shoe in Grey.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE

VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET

LONDON W

Sent on approval.

WARING & GILLOW

AND THE

DAILY GRAPHIC

A PUBLICITY ENTERPRISE.

Ever since Robert Gillow, of Lancaster, in 1695 started making furniture, his spirit of enterprise and progressiveness has enthused his successors to greater ambition, not only to contribute to the growth of the business but, also, to contribute to the welfare of the nation by making homes more homelike.

This spirit of progressiveness finds expression not only in the factories at Lancaster, Liverpool, Manchester, Hammersmith and London, which are all equipped with the most up-to-date machinery but, also, in the activities of those whose duty it is to tell the story of the famous house of Messrs. Waring & Gillow in Oxford Street, London.

This same spirit has just found expression in an enterprising publicity project of special note.

With a view to reaching a discriminating public Messrs. Waring & Gillow purchased the whole of the advertising space in the issue of the "Daily Graphic" of Tuesday, February 5th, to make a series of important announcements and offers—pictorial and otherwise—indicative of the fashions in furniture, and appealing intimately to all concerned in the furnishing of the ideal home.

White Sale
NOW IN PROGRESS

Special Offer of
CELANESE ARTIFICIAL SILK VESTS
Opera top, seamed at sides and shaped. In Ivory, Pink, Lemon, Sky, Helio, Apricot and Champagne. Women's size only
WHITE SALE PRICE **5/11**

CELANESE KNICKERS
French shape, wide legs. Also directoire shape, elastic at knee. In Ivory, Black and colours. Women's size only
WHITE SALE PRICE **8/11**

DICKINS & JONES LTD
REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1.

MAISON NICOL
Posticheurs D'art & Hair Specialists.

The Name of Maison Nicol

on a Transformation is a pledge of lasting satisfaction, and ensures a charmingly becoming coiffure for its wearer.

A visit to our Showrooms is requested, or postiches can be sent on approval.

Mr. David Nicol can be personally consulted.

The "Nonetta Parting" Transformation (your "friend in need.") Price from 15 Guineas. Toupet from 7 Guineas.

Please write to-day for Illustrated Catalogue. All enquiries will be gladly answered.

170, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1.
Two minutes walk from Piccadilly end of Bond Street.
Removed from 50, Haymarket, S.W.

TAILORED SUITS
MADE SPECIALLY TO ORDER AT 12½ GNS. EACH

Signs are not wanting that the fashion for tailor-made garments of every description is likely to be revived during the coming season. We welcome the advent of this fashion as tailor-made garments are essentially English in character, becoming to the English figure and appropriate for the English climate. The new tailor-mades differ in many respects from those of former years. The hard lines have disappeared, and in place of the stiffer materials, soft, closely woven repps, etc., are now being used. In short, the new tailor-mades are most becoming and at the same time practical and serviceable.

In order to meet the anticipated demand for Tailored Suits we have designed a number of models which can be copied and made to order by our men tailors on the premises for the exceptionally moderate price of **12½ Gns.** each. Patterns and self-measurement form will be sent upon request to those ladies unable to visit our establishment personally

TAILOR SUIT (as sketch) made to order in fine quality covert coating, gabardines and repps, for **12½ Gns.**

Debenham & Freebody (DEBENHAM LIMITED)
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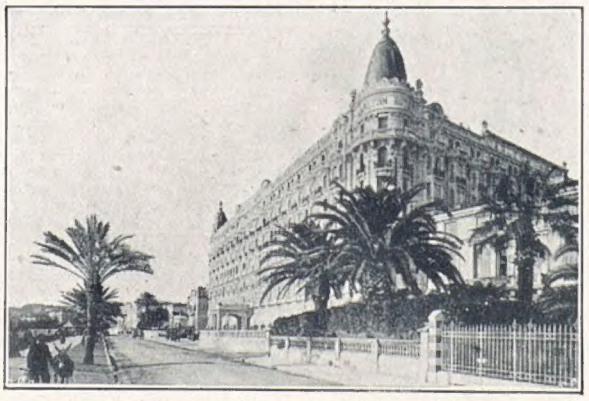

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THE CENTRE OF LIFE ON THE RIVIERA.

The Bystander, February 6, 1924 No. 1053. Vol. LXXXI.

The BYSTANDER

Photograph *Reginald Smith*

LADY LETTICE LYGON

The eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Beauchamp. Her mother, who is a sister of the Duke of Westminster, is shortly giving a coming-out dance in her daughter's honour

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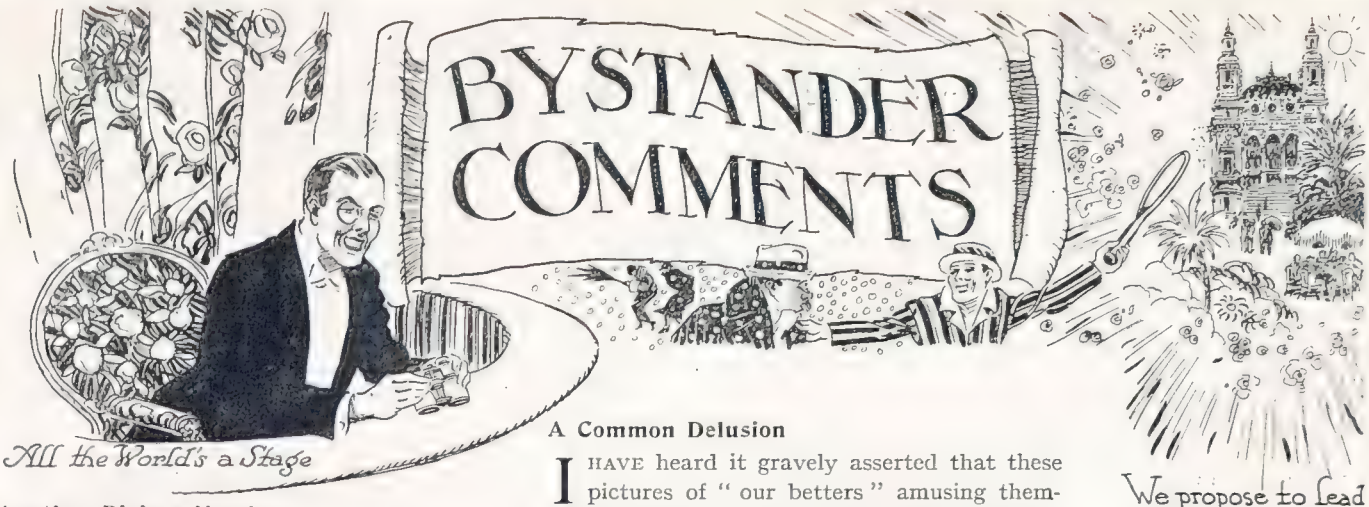


Another Riviera Number

ONCE again we propose to distract your attention from recent discontents and to lead you gently by the hand to those sunny shores that lie between St. Raphael and the Italian frontier beyond Mentone. We invite you to wander on the Promenade des Anglais and to sit in the gardens of the Casino at Monte Carlo—a pleasant prospect indeed.

Do You Remember?

LOOKING through the photographs and drawings that go to the making of this special number of THE BYSTANDER, one cannot help wondering how much they will convey to the reader who has not visited the scenes they depict. Memory has a queer knack of filling in the details and heightening the colours. *There* we saw such and such—*there* we did so and so. Do you remember how the moon was shining on Eze, or how the stars were out when we passed through La Turbie?

A Picture of the Prince

ONLY the other day I saw a photograph of Prince Louis standing outside the Cathedral of Monaco on the occasion of his birthday festival. The Prince is a charming man—he proved it by writing to congratulate us on our last Riviera Number—but my thoughts, as I looked at the picture, were not concerned with him alone. To be frank, and I'm sure he won't mind when he reads this, I was thinking of the last time I came down from Monaco to Monte Carlo by tram. We were suddenly invaded by shoals of merry school-children, and there was a lady who couldn't find a seat, and I gave her mine, and the conductor wouldn't let me stand in the car, and she got very cross and told him what she thought of him—and lots of other things, none of which were in the picture of the Prince.

A Common Delusion

I HAVE heard it gravely asserted that these pictures of "our betters" amusing themselves on the Côte d'Azur are calculated to cause ill-feeling at home. The speaker imagined hundreds of horny-handed sons of toil sitting round in a circle glowering at a picture of the Duke of Westminster carrying his bag of "hockey-knockers" up the hill to Mont Agel. He fancied them full of envy, hatred, malice and all revolutionableness—merely because he laboured under the common delusion that *his* world is the best of all possible worlds.

Kippers or Caviare

STRANGELY enough, there are quite a lot of people who would rather spend a Saturday afternoon at Highbury than at Hyères. Sounds odd, I know, but there are folk about who prefer kippers to caviare and beer to Bollinger. We waste a lot of time being sorry for our less fortunate fellows who are not a bit sorry for themselves. We go through life saying, in our superior way, "Of course, you can never be like us, but be as like us as you're able to be." Whereas, if the truth must be told, nobody does want to be like us the least little bit.

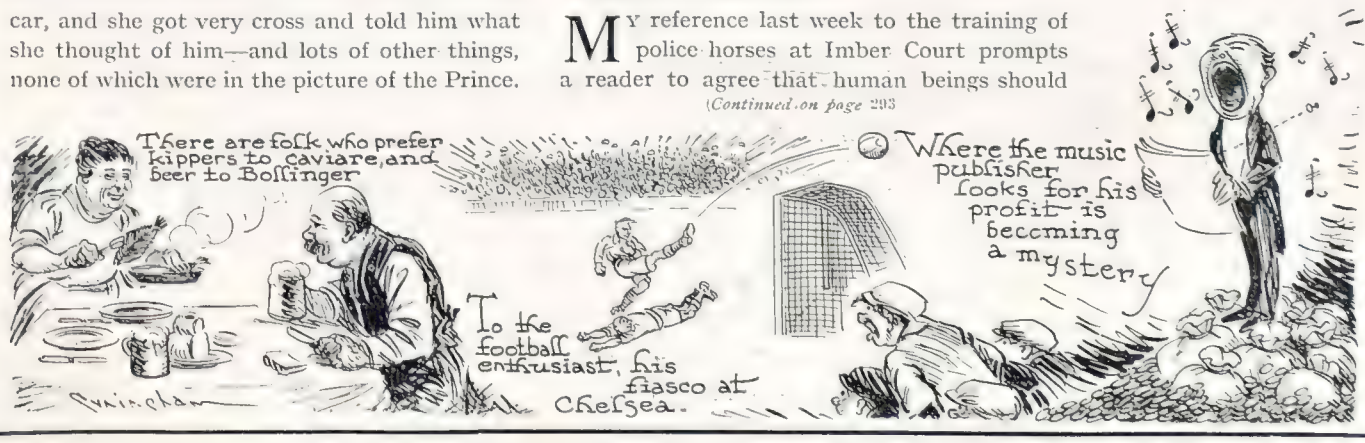
What, Never?

IT is wiser, therefore, to concentrate on our own pleasures and to leave others to concentrate on joys of their own making. To the football enthusiast, his fortnightly fiasco at Chelsea; to the golfer, his rubber of bridge, and to the lover of sunshine these happy snapshots and memories of the Sunny South, where falls not rain, nor hail, nor any snow. What, never? Well, hardly ever!

Compulsory Matrimony

MY reference last week to the training of police horses at Imber Court prompts a reader to agree that human beings should

(Continued on page 293)



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BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

be similarly accustomed to the troubles that are likely to beset them in their passage through this vale of tears. He thinks it is pathetic that a man should embark on the uncharted sea of matrimony without a proper appreciation of the obligations he is contracting to undertake. How much better if his eyes were opened beforehand to a few of its many possibilities. Why not send him on a floor-walking course, to be followed by a house-hunting course and a tax-paying course? You may tell me that this would discourage bachelors from taking the fatal plunge. Of course it would, but the obvious corrective to such backsliding would be compulsory matrimony—a very simple matter. When this comes to pass, we shall all be prepared for the worst, and life will contain less surprises than it does at present.

A Tale of the Trade

A FRIEND in the music publishing trade has been telling me of the curious state of affairs existing in his little world. Formerly, singers paid for the privilege of singing songs; then a member of the trade started giving his numbers away, and, to-day, the artiste is actually paid by the publisher to bring his songs before the public. Professional copies of songs are given away so freely that practically anyone can receive them, and where the music publisher looks for his profit is becoming a mystery.

And So the Poor Singer—

THE system of paying vocalists to sing songs had a short life in America. The practice was growing, when a leading publisher suggested to his competitors that they should take steps to stop it. When they refused to combine, he retaliated by paying double fees to all vocalists who sang his songs. The other publishers held out for a while, but in the end they fell into line, and so, instead of receiving fat cheques, the poor singers, like Mother Hubbard's dog, got none.

Counties of England

INTO the columns of the daily Press bursts a daring fellow who claims that Kent has made a corner in famous men. I'm quite aware that Kent is a corner county, but so is Cornwall, and so are bits of Wales. Myself, I am inclined to ask—what is the matter with that right little, tight little county of Rutland? Not having any actual evidence before me, I can't press her claims with any degree of assurance, but I feel sure that what she lacks in mere acres she more than makes up for in the genius of her famous sons. Are there no Bystanders in Rutland to support me in this matter? We can't let Caxton's Kent and Drake's Devon have matters all their own way.

Colonial Cousins

THIS cleaning up of the West End in preparation for the great Wembley rush is an excellent thing. There will be many Colonial cousins wandering about with money to burn, and it is right and proper that they should be deprived of it by legitimate means. The shady night-club is a particularly beastly affair, and I hope the present police activities won't be merely a flash in the pan. To be robbed of your money is bad enough, but to be robbed of your health by late hours and bad whiskey is a calamity from which we have a right to demand police protection. Apparently we are going to get it, and London will be all the better for that.

A Trust Account

AND while we are on this subject, how excellent it would be if we could remove all restrictions on those decent concerns that cater for the public on decent lines. There might be a hectic week—perhaps three hectic weeks (with apologies to Elinor Glyn) but, after that, things would return to normal, and we should see an end of that last-minute rush-drinking that does most of the damage. Let one of our political parties inscribe upon its banner the motto, Trust the People, and it would sweep all before it at the Polls—particularly if it trusted them for their Income Tax!

The Best Audiences

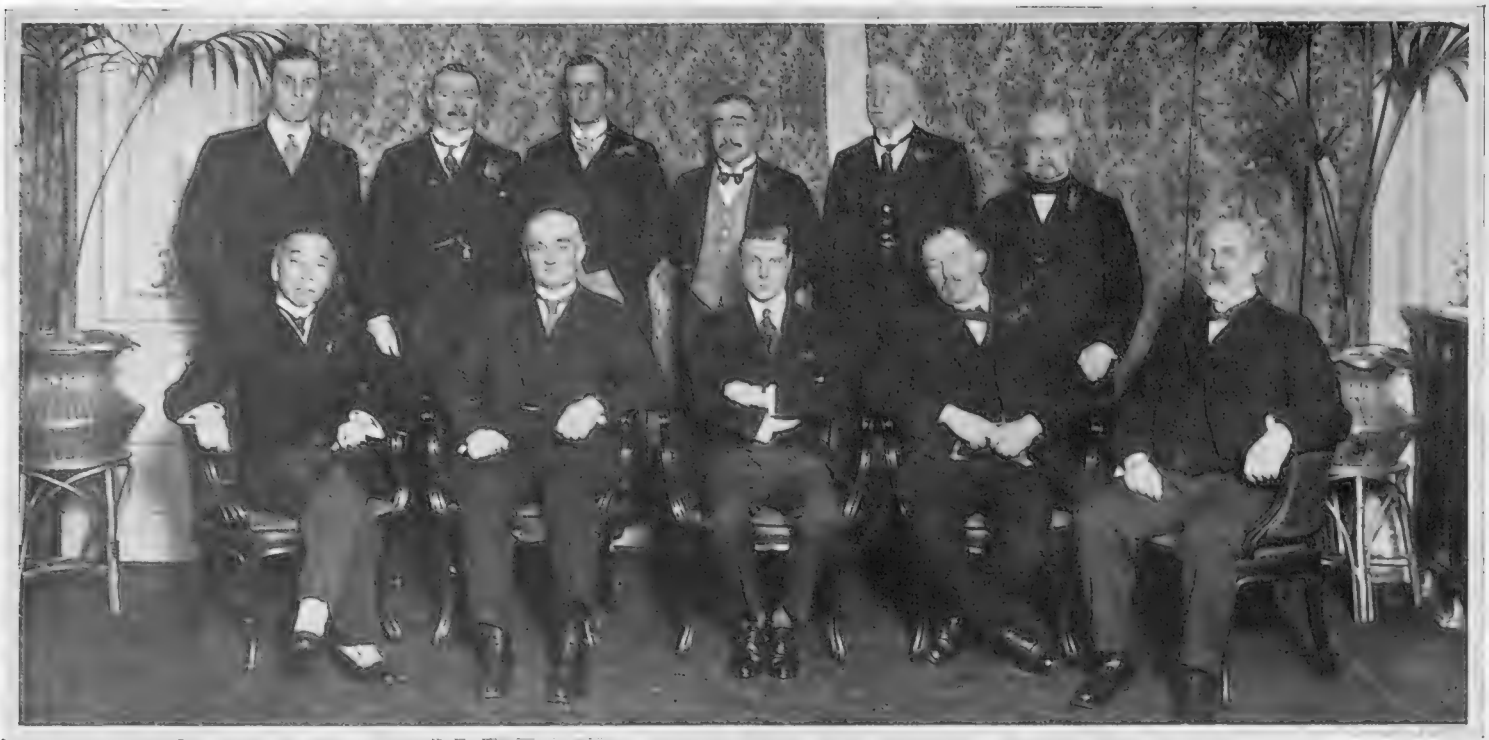
IF I say that actors and actresses are at their best in the audience, it is not meant to be an aspersion on their stage capabilities. But as an audience they certainly show all the large-heartedness, sympathy and understanding which go to make up our modern descendants of the quondam "rogues and vagabonds." Between the two last performances of *Peter Pan* at the Adelphi I managed to steal in to witness one of the most delightful sights it is possible to see—actors and actresses watching an imitation of themselves by children of the caste.

AGAG UP TO DATE By BLAM

"Mr. MacDonald and his Labour colleagues are far more likely to walk delicately and with excess of caution than to ride rough-shod over individuals."—(SUNDAY TIMES, *Political Correspondent*)

The Children's Hour

THE Conti children in *Peter Pan* were having the time of their lives. They had been given stage hands, scene-shifters, limelights and orchestra, and an audience made up of managers and all the *Peter Pan* caste. So they played two acts from Barrie's perennial—with the call-boy as producer! I don't suppose any other child has been able to play the part of Peter Pan at the age of fourteen, as winsome little Diana Beaumont did, and she made the most of it. I wonder if this is an augury of the future? Gladys Cooper thought so, and so did the child's uncle, Gerald Du Maurier. So I expect she'll do the whole performance before a larger audience one of these days.



Photograph *F. A. Swaine*

AN AFFAIR OF EMPIRE

Some of the guests at the meeting of the Australian and New Zealand Luncheon Club held at the Hotel Cecil. Seated: Baron Hayashi, the Japanese Ambassador (left), Col. the Hon. Sir James Allen, the Prince of Wales, Rt. Hon. J. H. Thomas and Sir Joseph Cook. Standing are: Sir Godfrey Thomas (left), Mr. A. J. M. Sharpe, Mr. H. V. Parbury, Mr. H. M. Orr and Mr. F. Braund

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

The Joys of the Riviera

LIFE on the Riviera, to judge from the letters one receives from the happy folks basking and playing *là bas*, and all that one reads in the newspapers, seems even more hectic than anything we could provide in London. However gay our afternoons, our evenings, and our nights, we don't turn out for tennis at nine o'clock in the morning. But they do at Cannes and Monte Carlo.

They go on playing tennis until the verge of lunch, and those who don't play look on. After lunch they go to polo matches, and when darkness begins to descend they hie them to dancing until dinner-time. And after dinner more dancing, a little gambling, supper, dancing again, and, perhaps, a British breakfast of eggs and bacon before youth and beauty seek their "downies."

Of course, this applies to the younger folks. How amazingly energetic they are! But there is still a very pleasant villa atmosphere created by older and more sedate people. The lights of clubs and casinos may burn to the early hours of the morning, but the villa lights are all out by eleven after quietly amusing dinner-parties followed by a little bridge. The Riviera is like the British Empire. It respects all shades of taste. But it goes one step further than the Empire—it makes the catering for all shades of taste its daily business.

On the Côte d'Azur you can dance all night, you can gamble until you are dizzy, you can shoot clay pigeons, play tennis, golf, and if you like you can go to prayer-meetings, archæological lectures, charity concerts, or meet a Bishop or an Archdeacon at tea. What more can the most exacting desire? Warmth and sunshine, everything provided to meet everybody's inclination, a veritable Utopia, except that in Utopia there are no hotel bills.

The Pensions Political

PEOPLE are wondering whether any of the Cabinet Ministers in the recently departed Government will apply for the pension which can be claimed by every member of the Cabinet. Formerly the pensions were taken as a matter of course, but nowadays only the ex-Lords Chancellor seem to draw their £5,000 a year.

Lord George Hamilton draws £2,000 a year pension as ex-Cabinet Minister, but Mr. Gerald Balfour and Lord Gainford (Mr. Pike Pease) resigned theirs some time ago. Neither Mr. Asquith nor Mr. Lloyd George take the pension to which they are entitled, so probably a precedent has been set that ex-Cabinet Ministers do not take the pensions.

I wonder what the members of the Cabinet in the present Government will decide when their turn comes to make way

Photograph IN OLD MADRID *[Topical*

A group of members of the English and American Colonies at the farewell banquet given to Sir Esmé Howard, the British Ambassador, on the eve of his departure to take up office in Washington. Lady Percy is seen seated in the centre of the group, with Sir Esmé standing just behind her

for other Ministers. Do you think they will argue that if a man gets a dole because he is out of work, he ought to have a pension for having done work?

If they claim their pensions, the members of the present Cabinet can live in comfort for the rest of their lives and never trouble about politics, Socialism, or Labour any more. Even strikes wouldn't affect their income so long as there was anybody left to pay taxes. An odd situation truly.

Another "Unwritten Law"

THERE seems to be an unwritten law amongst thieves that the property of members of the Royal Family is not to be "pinched." An interesting expression of the inherent loyalty of all classes to the Throne!

Last Saturday week Prince George, on his way from Greenwich in his two-seater, left his car unattended for a few minutes whilst he paid a call. The King and Queen had gone to York Cottage, and he was staying the night at York House with the Prince of Wales. When he arrived at York House the Prince found that a suit case, containing his evening clothes and personal jewellery of great sentimental value, had been stolen from his car. A description of the missing property was published by Scotland Yard, and two days later it was returned to a West End police office. The tradition that the Royal Family must not be robbed had "worked."

A Royal Tragedy

THE unhappy little Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg who, driven to desperation by the successive pitfalls created for her by the Germans, abdicated in favour of her sister and became a nun in an Italian convent, has just died.

When the Germans invaded her Grand-Duchy she was like a nut in the crackers. But she stood her ground splendidly until they threatened to blow her little capital and her people to smithereens. Her attitude was cruelly misrepresented in Europe. She was declared to be pro-German. Even her own people believed it. So she threw off all the cares and responsibilities of State and misrepresentation by abdication, and by taking the vows of a nun at a Carmelite convent in Italy.

Later, she went to a convent of the Order in France, but recently she lived at Hohenburg in Bavaria, where she died. Her sister, to whom she abdicated the Grand-ducal throne, married a brother of the unhappy Empress Zita of Austria.

Luxembourg is one of the few small States left in Europe, and it owes its continued existence to the late Duchess's uncompromising attitude to the Germans. The ex-Kaiser, it is said, even threatened her with deportation. She couldn't resist

Photograph *Keystone*

THE BALKAN PRINCESS—AND FRIENDS

Princess Nadjeda of Bulgaria and her bridegroom, Prince Albrecht Eugene of Wurtemberg, photographed after their wedding. There is no prize offered for picking out ex-King Ferdinand in the group

Photograph *Central News*

SOMETHING ACCOMPLISHED, SOMETHING DONE

Signor Mussolini (right) leaving the Plazzo Chigi in Rome with M. Pachitch and M. Ninevitch the Yugo-Slavian delegates, after the signing of the Adriatic Treaty

Photograph *Sport and General*

CHAMONIX SHOWS

Brigadier-General Kentish (right) talking with Colonel T. Robertson-Aikman, one of the British Curling Team which took part in the Winter Sports section of the 1924 Olympic Games at Chamonix

Photograph *Alfieri*

IN THE COTSWOLD COUNTRY

Lieut.-Col. G. F. Collett and Mrs. Farran at a meet of the Cotswold at Shipton Oliffe Manor, near Cheltenham. Three foxes were found, two escaping and one running to ground

the overwhelming German forces, but she could protest, and she did, royally and vehemently.

But all the world believed that she had welcomed the German hordes, and even contemplated marrying a German Prince. So she gave the Grand-ducal crown to her sister, and went into a convent. And now she is dead!

Lord Glerawly married Lord Clancarty's daughter-in-law, from whom her husband, Lord Kilconnel, had obtained a divorce three years previously.

The best known member of the family is Priscilla, Countess Annesley, the widow of the fifth earl, who in the days when people bought the photographs of beautiful women in Society, was in the first flight

Photograph *Alfieri*

WITH THE HEYTHROP

The Hon. Mrs. Heyworth and Mrs. Heyworth Savage at the Ascott meeting of the Heythrop

Photograph *British Illus.*

CROSSING THE COURSE

Mrs. Neville and Mrs. C. S. Wright at the Nottingham 'Chases. The fields were not very large, and several of the favourites came home

of popularity with the late Marchioness of Londonderry, Georgiana, Countess of Dudley, and other great beauties of the time.

A half sister of the sixth Earl Annesley—the present peer's predecessor—Lady Constance Annesley, married Mr. Miles Malleson, the actor, but the marriage has been dissolved.

English Relations

COUNTESS TORBY, the morganatic wife of the Grand Duke Michael of Russia, was the second cousin of this unhappy little lady, whose father's uncle, Prince Nicholas of Nassau, made a morganatic marriage with a lady afterwards created Countess of Merenberg. Their children were styled Count and Countesses of Merenberg. When the Grand Duke Michael married Countess Sophie Merenberg at San Remo thirty-three years ago, she was given the title of Countess Torby, but her husband was exiled from Russia because of the marriage, and has lived in England ever since. Through their mother, Countess Torby, the Marchioness of Milford Haven and Lady Zia Wernher were *parentée* to the little Grand-Duchess of Luxembourg who is dead.

Lord Annesley

AFTER six months of widowerhood, Lord Annesley has married again, the ceremony taking place at Eversley, the little village in Hampshire where Charles Kingsley, its rector, wrote most of the books that thrilled us in our youth.

Lord Annesley is sixty-three, and succeeded his cousin, who was killed in the War, as seventh earl. He has one son, Lord Glerawly, who took up the stage as a profession, and at one time was a member of the Gaiety chorus. Three years ago

Photograph] JUDGES—AND A VICTIM OR TWO *[G. P. U.*

Miss Sybil Thorndike and Mr. Arnold Bennett judging costumes at the "Hassan" Ball given for the British Drama League at the Hyde Park Hotel last week. Lest this photograph should give a wrong impression, it should be noted that Mr. Bennett is *not* wearing one of those comic little hats which they give out at dance clubs

The Orléans Heir

THE Duc de Montpensier, the youngest brother of the Duc d'Orléans, who has just died at the age of forty, was one of the many princes who refused the throne of Albania when it was going a-begging in 1913. No crown, he declared, would make him give up two titles of which he was justly proud, those of "French citizen" and "French prince."

The Duc was a great sportsman and traveller, and had a house in Annam. At one time he was an officer in the Spanish Navy, and altogether, with fighting against Arabs, his continual journeys in search of sport, and his life in the East, he had a far more varied career than falls to the lot of most princes. His sister, the Duchess d'Aosta, shared his taste for big game hunting.

The heir to the Orléans claim to the throne of France, now that the Duc de Montpensier is dead, is the Duc d'Orléans's cousin and brother-in-law, the Duc de Guise, who married the Duc's sister, Princess Isabelle, at Twickenham some twenty-five years ago. When the Duc d'Orléans dies, the Duc de Guise will be the head of the ancient Bourbon-Orléans family.

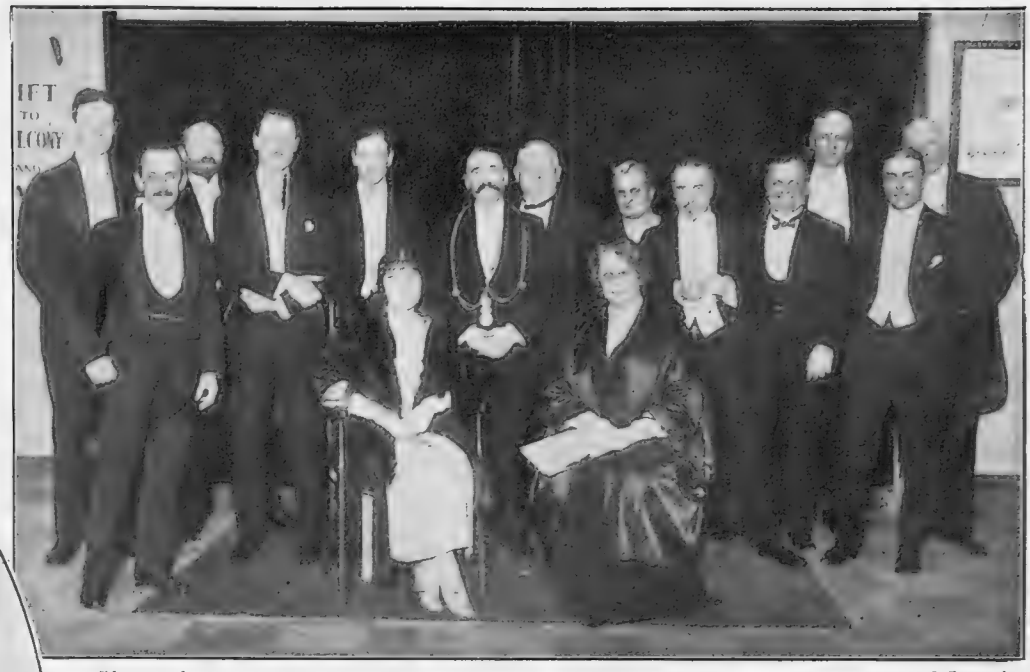
The Duc de Montpensier considered a man should not marry until he was thirty-five. He himself was thirty-seven when he married the daughter of a Spanish nobleman.

Help Needed

MR. SPENCER S. DICKSON, the British Consul at Marseilles, makes an urgent appeal, with the permission of the British Ambassador in Paris, for £6,000 to complete the British Merchant Seamen's Hospital at Marseilles. Work was begun on the hospital, which is sorely needed, three years ago, under the patronage of Queen Alexandra. The hospital is nearly completed, but owing to the rise in prices and wages the money subscribed is exhausted. The situation is that if the £6,000 required is not forthcoming, all the expense and labour will be in vain, and there will be no hospital at Marseilles for our merchant seamen. If it is forthcoming the hospital can be completed and opened in a short time.

Special provision has been made in the articles of association for American seamen to be admitted to the hospital. So, perhaps, American readers of THE BYSTANDER will note this. There is practically no hospital accommodation for British and American merchant seamen in Marseilles, a thing to be noted by lucky folk enjoying the Riviera sunshine.

Donations can be sent to the Marseilles British Merchant Seamen's Hospital Fund, Barclay's Bank, 1, Pall Mall East, S.W.1., or to the Manager, Lloyds and National Provincial Foreign Bank, Rue Cannebière, Marseilles.



Photograph *Sport and General*

SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S SYMPHONY CONCERT AT NORTHAMPTON

A group taken at the Exchange Cinema, Northampton, where Sir Thomas Beecham's London Symphony Orchestra gave their concert in aid of the Northampton Y.M.C.A. and County Cricket Club. The group includes: the Duke and Duchess of York, the Mayoress of Northampton (Mrs. T. D. Lewis), Lord Spencer (fourth from the left), the Mayor (next to the Duke of York), and Sir Thomas Beecham (behind the Mayoress)

Photograph *Hay Wrightson*

LADY DOROTHY D'OYLY CARTE

A new photograph of the second Earl of Cranbrook's daughter, whose husband's Gilbert and Sullivan season is now drawing all London to Princes Theatre

A Permanent Opera

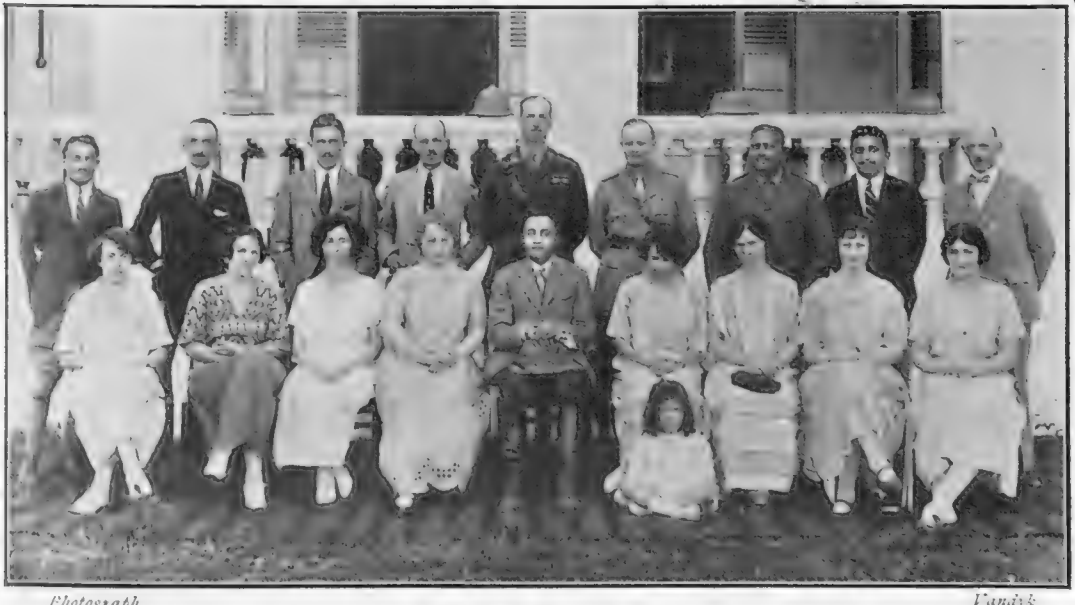
MR. ISIDORE DE LARA made an eloquent appeal for the establishment of opera in England at a party at Claridge's last week, given by Lady Helmsley. He suggested a national opera house, with a seating capacity of four thousand, the prices ranging from one to five shillings. Such a house Mr. de Lara believes would pay its own expenses whilst it created and spread a love of opera.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn warmly supported the project—perhaps a little vague as to detail to most of us—because of its appeal to ideals and romance. There was just a suggestion of the American accent in her voice, and the American scansion of syllables. We know Mrs. Glyn has been at Hollywood making films. It just shows you how catching accents are, like measles.

Photograph *Vandyk*

MISS SETON S. ARNOLD

Who was married yesterday (February 5th) at St. Saviour's, Chelsea, to Mr. Leonard Barratt Shepherd-Folker (the Lincolnshire Regiment), the elder son of H. Shepherd-Folker, Esq., C.B.E. The bride has been for the last eight years private secretary to the Hon. Mrs. Henry Edwardes, and is known to the thousands of officers from all over the Empire whom Mrs. Edwardes welcomed during the War to her home in Knightsbridge



Photograph *Vandyk*

A HOUSE PARTY IN INDIA

His Highness the Maharaja of Rajpipla with some of his staff and guests whom he entertained at a house party which he gave on his return to his State after a visit to Europe. His Highness, who is a keen sportsman, is well known on the Turf and in Polo circles

The Riviera Week by Week

THE celebration of the Fête of Prince Louis II of Monaco last month was, as usual, a great success. The Monégasques and the mixed French and Italian population, with their traces of Phœnician, Persian and Moorish blood, are the simplest, jolliest children on fête days, which are here absurdly frequent. The big square in front of the Palace was like a vast music-hall. The donkey races, four times round the square, were great fun. Many had come from Menton, where donkey excursions up the mountain are a feature. An ancient lady of some three score years and ten was well-mounted and carried off the first two races, using her first prize of palm leaves to flog the donkey in the second race to victory. There were toy balloon races out to sea; the excitement of the crowd was delirious; there was a review of the Carabiniers in their comic-opera uniforms. In the evening everyone who had a good view of the little harbour and the picturesque old stronghold asked their friends to come and enjoy the fireworks. The Duke of Westminster's four-masted sailing yacht, *Flying Cloud*, was brilliantly outlined by electricity all over its rigging and masts and hull, and might have been the eerie image of the *Flying Dutchman* at peace after at last rounding Cape Horn.

ON the 18th there was an American invasion of the Rooms after dinner from the *Adriatic*, to make the most of "one crowded hour" of Monte. They provided themselves with dozens of chips and plaques for the various gambling sums from 5 to 5,000 francs, and proceeded to scatter them generously on the tables,

Photograph L. N. A.

THE RITE OF THE LINE

Mrs. Joliffe (left), Mrs. Grogan, Mrs. Howard, Lady Kavanagh, and Mrs. Platt holding a watching brief in the "cause célèbre," Suzanne v. Linesman, at the Gallia Courts (lawn tennis, not law) at Cannes

Photograph L. N. A.

WINTER FASHIONS

Major Carnegie and Miss M. Williams watching polo at Mandelieu

and in some cases the floor, owing to *embarras de richesses*. One visitor cried aloud that he would give anything for a smoke, and gave three louis for three cigarettes, only to have them taken away by the attendant, as he was in the "kitchen" at the moment, where smoking is not allowed, but he was led to the "Cercle Privé," where it is permitted, and all was well.

TRANSATLANTIC and other Mediterranean touring floating palaces anchor off the terrace at Monaco several times a week just now, and sometimes hundreds of "poppas" and "mommas" land with their youngsters to *do* the Riviera in a week, or Monte Carlo in a few hours. On the 21st the R.M. Transatlantic steam packet *Orbita*, of 15,000 tons, and on the 23rd the big Italian *Duilio*, of 22,000 tons, spent the day at Monte Carlo. The latter landed sixty passengers. The *Adriatic* and the *Lapland* call here on the 29th. A huge American super-Dreadnought of 33,000 tons—the *Colorado*—is in Villefranche Harbour on its trial trip. It has a crew of 1,485, which beats the *Hood* by nearly fifty. It can fire a 2,000-pound shot about eighteen miles.

AT the Café de Paris—always crammed—Fred Trevor and Dinah Harris are warmly welcomed again this year, and their new dances are very charming. At the Thursday gala dinners at the Ambassadeurs on the 24th Miss Victoria Campbell had a merry party, including Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bennett, Major and Mrs. Harry Pollitt, Lord Nunburnholme and his son and Mrs. Chadwick and her talented son—Captain Ernlé Chadwick—whose fine baritone has been having a great success in the Menton Opera. These gala dinners—with Mr. Fontana and Miss Moss, fresh from the Midnight Follies as star dancers—are a great success, and are very well done. They attract the best people on the Riviera and are like good dances at home.

COLONEL and Mrs. Pretyman Newman, who are staying at the Windsor, have been entertaining their friends to lunch there, including Lord and Lady Armaghdale, Lady Fulton, Mr. and Mrs. J. Bradshaw, Colonel and Mrs. Stanton, the Honourable Reginald and Mrs. Brougham, General Sir John and Lady du Cane, Mr. and Mrs. Locke. Amongst other well-known people staying at the Windsor are

Photograph PART OF THE GAME [*Marcel Le Noir*

Major H. Lyons, with Mrs. Lyons and Mrs. Lehman, resigned to the photographic part of the game on the Mandelieu Polo Grounds

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

WHEN FRIENDS MEET . . .

The Countess de Portales and a friendly Alsatian on the Grand Stand at Mandelieu

Mr. and Mrs. Bernard Partridge and Lady Tenterden, whilst Sir Perry Robinson was lunching there with Major and Mrs. Pollitt.

LATEST arrivals at the Hotel de Paris are Monsieur Pierre de Valrose, Lady Cholmondeley, the Duke of Leeds, Sir John Dering, the Hon. Mrs. F. M. G. Egerton, Mrs. Walter D. Douglas, Mr. and Mrs. Archibald Edmonstone, Baroness d'Erlanger, Mr. Robert Stern, Baron and Baronne Eric de Douster, Docteur Doyen, Mr. Charles G. Martin, Mrs. Blanche Shaefar, Mme. de Pena, Sir Charles and Lady Mandelberg, Lady Littleton, Comte T. de Gramedo, Mr. and Mrs. Mansfield Levy, Mrs. Marion Shultz, Margaret Lady Waterlow, Comte E. de Waldner.

AMONGST those dining were Sir Hedworth and Lady Meux, Lord Rothermere, Colonel and Mrs. Balsan, Mr. and Mrs. Macomber, Mr. and Mrs. Faudel Phillips, General Sir Arlington and Lady Chichester, Lord Ormathwaite, Lady Lacon, Lady Ursula Grosvenor, Mrs. FitzGeorge, Sir Charles Horden, Marquise de Chabannes, Mr. and Mrs. Edward Tuck, Duc and Duchesse de Vendôme, Duc de Nemours, Monsieur Anchorena, Mr. and Mrs. George Butler, Lady Hamilton, General Kennedy, Mrs. F. C. Penrose, Sir Clive Morrison Ball, Major Milner, Commander Melville Ward.

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

AFTER THE GAME

Wing-Commander Wise with Mrs. Kenneth Mackay (wife of the well-known polo player) and her little daughter Patricia, at Mandelieu

ON Sunday, January 20, Mr. O'Hagan gave a lunch for twenty and a charming "At Home" for over two hundred friends at the Casa del Mare, when Mr. Walter Rummel played a very varied programme to the delighted guests. He began with the Choral Prelude by Bach, and then played four works by Debussy, "Two Arabesques," "Goldfish," "Reverie," and "Gardens in the Rain." The Ballade in F minor by Chopin was encored. Then followed "Berceuse" and "If I Were a Bird," by Henselt; "Nocturne," by Field; "The Spring Song," "Spinning Song" and "Rondo Capricioso" of Mendelssohn; "At the Wallenstadt Lake," "At the Fountain" and "St. Francis Walking on the Waves," by Liszt, and, to finish, the "Ride of the Valkyries," in which he made the piano do the work of a big orchestra.

THE feature here these weeks is the number of musical feasts for the gods provided by public and private enterprise. Besides the regular concerts at the Casino, the Quatuor Capet has begun its concerts at the Palais des Beaux Arts. They include M. Lucien Capet—the violin-soloist of the Lamoureux concerts; M. Maurice Hewitt—a first prize of the Paris Conservatoire for the violin; M. Henri Benoit and M. Camille Delobelle — a first at the Paris Conservatoire for the violoncello. Mr. Walter Rummel has been enjoyed at the Casino, at the Palais des Beaux Arts, at Nice, at Mr. O'Hagan's, etc. Maria Sandras also sang at the Monte Carlo Theatre Symphonic Concert on the 26th, under the patronage of the Duke of Connaught. On the evening of the 26th also the first opera of the season — *Pagliacci* with Mlle. Jeanne Laval and MM. Muratore, Urbano, Cousinou and Dubois was finely represented to a brilliant house. It was followed by *L'Heure Espagnole* — a one-act musical comedy by Frank Ravel, with

Photograph *Keystone*

LORD AND LADY CHEYLESMORE

Two well-known and popular figures on the Côte d'Azur

Photograph *E. Navello*

IN THE BRACING AIR

Lord Sondes, much better after his illness, thanks to the Riviera breezes, out for a strole at Monte

Mlle. Fanny Heldy and MM. Fabert, Dubois, Cousinou, and Arnal.

ON the 21st Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Bennett, at their recently purchased Château de la Vigie, received over 150 guests for a musical afternoon. Built by Sir William Ingram on a little point between Monte Carlo and Cap Martin, it is one of the most lovely sites on the whole Riviera. Mr. Harrison Bennett opened by singing "Vi Raviso O Buoghi Ameni," by Bellini, and at the end sang some Tschaikowsky music splendidly. M. Harold van Duzee, who has been singing in "Valkyrie" at Brussels, and who is here to give de Reszke's interpretation of *Lohengrin*, sang music by Hue, Chausson and Fourdrain. Mlle. Dorothy Bieze also sang Thomas's Mad Scene from *Hamlet*. Mrs. Chadwick and Lady Galway helped their hostess at the tea tables.

THE golf course is in fine condition, and Norman Grant went round in 67 recently. On the 17th there was a tie for the Weekly Medal at Mont Agel, between Sir W. Yarworth Jones (91–18=73), and Mr. Ellis Griffith (77 – 4=73), Mr. Cullamore was third (78–4=74). and Mr. Patmore (fourth (91–15=76). On the 24th the medal was competed for against Bogey by twenty members, and again Mr. Ellis Griffith was first with 4 up on Bogey, Sir W. Yarworth was second with 2 up, and Mr. Cullimore third with 2 down. Among the competitors were Lady Chichester, Colonels Stewart, Grey, and Rivett-Carnac, Major Longhurst, Messrs. Archdale-Porter, Stoughton, Woodhouse, Jackson, and Dr. Howard Humphries. The Prince of Monaco has been playing with M. René Leon.

Photograph *L. N. A.*

CHAIRS AND CIGARETTES FOR TWO

Mr. and Mrs. Farnsworth, attired for "Le Tennis" and "Le Golf" respectively, find equal enjoyment in watching a game of "'orse 'ockey"—otherwise, polo—on the Mandelieu ground

Photograph *Keystone*

OUT FOR A DRIVE

Mr. F. J. Gould, the American millionaire, putting in a little hard work on one of the hard courts at Nice

Photograph *A. Lemaitre*

MISS PENELOPE SPENCER

In the grounds of the Casino at Mentone, where she recently gave a clever exhibition of dancing. Miss Spencer is well known to Covent Garden and Coliseum audiences, and she is now teaching dancing at the Royal College of Music

Photograph **WATCH AND WARD** *[L. N. A.*

Mr. F. A. Ward watches events from the door of the Cannes Gallia Club pavilion until a court—to say nothing of an opponent—is free

An overworked golf secretary was telephoned the other day by a *concierge* from a famous hotel that Mr. So-and-So was dead. "What about it?" asked the secretary. "He wants his clubs," was the reply!

IT is much regretted that Mrs. Chunn—the wife of the popular manager of Barclay's Bank—has been seriously ill just when so much is going on socially. The banks are, of course, crowded with gamblers on the exchange rate just now, and someone suggests that they should charge 250 francs for the right of entry as they do for the "Cercle Privé." The staff must be possessed by the patience of Job, and a saving sense of humour, to endure the daily ordeal just now.

THERE has been it must be admitted a deficiency in the allowance of sunshine in the South during January, and in consequence the flowers are behind their schedule. For this reason the Festival Committee at Cannes have decided to hold the Mimosa Fête later than was at first intended. It will now take place on February 9, and by that date there will be more than enough of the golden bloom to cover the town and all the motor-cars and carriages which take part in the battle of flowers. It will be a wonderful sight for visitors, and if the townspeople equal their performance of last year and decorate all the business premises and the principal buildings in mimosa the scene will be unforgettable. J. G. H.

MAKING AMENDS TO MONTE CARLO

BY REGINALD ARKELL

Illustrated by HOWARD K. ELCOCK

MONTE CARLO!

What a wicked place it is! Monte Carlo! The very name is as full of ill-omen as the croak of a vulture seated on a pirate's corpse.

The money that is lost there!

If all the fivers that fell from the pocket-books of the Faithful were placed on end they would reach——

The spider sitteth in his web and catcheth the unwary. Only the ungodly flourish, and they wax fat, increasing their ill-gotten gains and giving nothing in return.

Oh, dear! Oh, dear!

Lend me a handkerchief, someone!

EVERYBODY knows all about Monte Carlo before they go there. A hard, glittering, evil thing without a soul; symbolising in one horrid blot all the evil of the world. The home of fraud, lies, deceit and a lot of other things that a nice-minded young man like me can't think of without bursting a couple of blood-vessels.

The resort of crooks, sharps, swell-mobsmen and social throw-outs lacking all sense of decency and any sort of self-control.

Monte Carlo! The wicked city of John Bunyan's dream.

Horrible!

I AM going to be quite frank about it. I wrote the above when I was fifteen years old, and it was printed in the *Little Oppiford Sentinel*. I believed every word of it, and so did the undertaker's wife, who had a second cousin in service in Kensington and knew the world. Everybody in Little Oppiford believed it, and a correspondent to the *Sentinel* suggested that a collection should be taken on the following Sunday, with a view to converting the heathen. The fact that a framed picture of the Eiffel Tower fell from the wall of the Parish Room on the day it appeared was held to be not unconnected with the incident.

FLUSHED by my success, I read a paper on "Some Sidelights of Life at Monte Carlo." The parish room was crowded, and everybody was thrilled to the core. I explained that the Casino stood in the Latin Quarter of Paris, and that the bodies of ruined gamblers who had drowned themselves in the Seine were collected in a place called the Morgue, to be identified by their sorrowing relatives. When I had finished, half my remaining audience was in tears. The other six were also very upset.

* * * * *

ON a bright, supposed-to-be-winter morning I arrived in Monte Carlo. I did not come as a missionary from Little Oppiford. Fate had been kind to me. I had a little money to burn. "Very good!" said I to myself, "I will go to Monte Carlo and blue my ill-gotten gains at the tables."

AS I got out of the train I looked vainly for the villain in the shiny top-hat, with black moustache hiding a cruel mouth. I listened for the loud speaker to tell me that it was my money they wanted. Not a sign, not a sound. Just a bunch of young people with tennis racquets; a couple of English noblemen—the most respected in the entire Peerage, and an old lady with a French maid and a parrot-cage.

I LOOKED for the broad and easy way that was to lead me to destruction, and instead, I saw a steeply winding path through gardens of fragrant blossom and lawns of glittering green. You don't tumble headlong into anything at Monte Carlo, least of all the Casino. During the climb from the station you have opportunities to

"I looked vainly for the villain in the shiny top-hat"

change your mind. You aren't rushed into it. "Well, here we are!" says the guardian spirit of the place. "Shall we go on, or shall we go back by the next train? Think it over. Sit on the seat under the palm tree and take a quiet look at things. You like it? Good! Then take off that ridiculous overcoat and let's have a cup of tea at the hotel."

THOSE hotels! The comfort of them! To be swung in a hammock on a summer's afternoon is a rough ride compared to a month at Monte Carlo. Like the king, you can do no wrong. The manager is your father and mother. Your welcome is his one desire. We have one or two like him in London, but not many. Your ways are his ways. Your country is his country. He keeps a staff of attendants to apologise for the mistakes you make. The visitor is always right—the hotel is always wrong. Very comforting, believe me!

BUT when you have come to a place with the definite intention of losing money, you naturally want to get on with the job. You have pictured the Casino as a glittering temple with a golden gateway and a jazz band. Super-cinema attendants, you feel sure, will urge you along the road to ruin with strident cries. All roads, you imagine, will lead to the gaming-tables. Do they? They do not!

THE authorities at Monte Carlo appear to place every obstacle in the path of the gambler. If the Casino is a web, it is a very difficult web to get into. For one thing, there are so many counter-attractions. This may not have been the case in former years, but, to-day, what has come to be considered the staple industry of the place is kept very much in the background. Russian ballet, grand opera, and orchestral concerts—of course! Masked and fancy dress balls—certainly! A battle of flowers and a dog show; lawn tennis at La Festa and La Condamine; golf at Mont Agel; regattas and motor races—all these things are "starred" in bewildering display. And then, far down the list of attractions, you come across this laconic line: "Casino: Famous all over the world. Open all the year round."

THE publicity that is given to a golden ballot would make the Casino authorities blush. The impor-tunities of the silver ring at Alexandra Park would fill them with horror. The losses incurred on the London Stock Exchange on any normal working day would give them sleepless nights.

IT isn't that the good people of Monte Carlo are ashamed of their Casino. Why should they be? If a man wants to gamble, he will gamble anywhere. Consider the appalling risks of a West End theatrical production. Think of the money lost on football matches. Gambling, like religion or the eating of cream meringues, is only bad when carried to excess, a fact which is as obvious in Monaco as it is in Marylebone.

TO say that gambling is discouraged at Monte Carlo would be as ridiculous as to say that it is discouraged at Newmarket, but the fact remains that active encouragement seems to be entirely lacking. Your middle-class Englishman has many misconceptions, and the wickedness of Monte Carlo is probably the greatest of these.

Perhaps my article in the *Little Oppiford Sentinel* is really to blame. If so, I make this tardy amends.

Photograph *A. S. Allberry*

FROM A BEDROOM WINDOW

Monte Carlo as seen from the Hotel de Paris

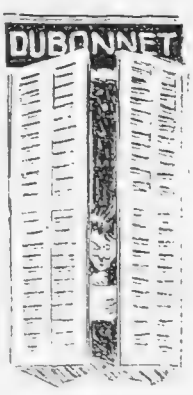
A Pictorial Tale of Two Artists—and the Search for a New Point of View

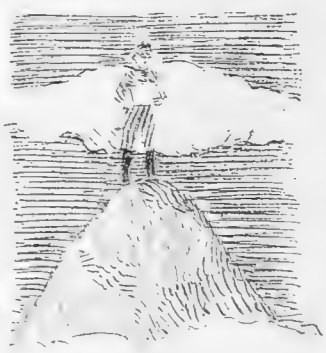
I search for an idea

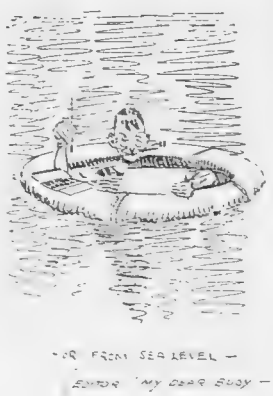
The first move—check!

The second move—disastrous!

Saved from suicide by a brother artist!







It is difficult to see a subject such as the Riviera—which we of THE BYSTANDER have thoroughly explored—from new points of view. But it has got to be done. So one day the Editor let loose a couple of wild BYSTANDER artists—Messrs. Howard K. Elcock and Marcel Poncin to wit—to make sketches from new points of view. This is the awful result!

All Things Considered

By HARTLEY CARRICK

WE are told that soon there won't be any poor
Now Labour is treading the Socialist Spoor,
That our politics now show far brighter signs,
That in Clynes we've a man who to peace inclines,
And the Board of Trade spider will weave a Webb
To rescue our trade in the month of Feb.
And we need not worry or fume or fret,
And we need not start pulling the blinds down yet.
Well, they MAY *be as harmless as frisky young lambs, eh,*
But the question is, what does the ravening Ram-say?

. . . . .

THERE is a considerable amount of electricity in the political atmosphere. But we are of the opinion that it will be the Liberal Party which will be the first to fuse.

. . . . .

A CORRESPONDENT asks whether the American Ambassador, Mr. Kellogg, is any relation to a recent Hippodrome star. Shirley, Shirley not!

. . . . .

A CERTAIN old lady of our acquaintance, though an inveterate play-goer, resolutely refuses to visit the Old Vic. She regards the name as a slight on her favourite Queen.

. . . . .

A CONTEMPORARY has just started a new feuilleton, in which the hero is described as "one of Nature's bread-winners." No wonder they are making a cereal story about him.

. . . . .

A GENTLEMAN in Wiltshire, aged eighty, has just been married for the fourth time. Surely we might call this venture a triumph of hope over experience.

. . . . .

MORE than ever this season, two ladies or more are combining together to give dances. We might term them Co-Hops.

. . . . .

WE note that Colonel Wedgwood has been given office. Another case of the bull in the china shop.

THE new Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Philip Snowden, is supposed to cherish a liking for the music of *The Mikado*. We trust we shall not hear him humming, "A Squand'ring Wastrel I."

. . . . .

A MINER in Kimberley has been convicted for contravening the diamond regulations. It was urged in his defence that he had been thrice decorated for services during the War. We imagine he had the I.D.B. with two bars.

. . . . .

"THIS 'ere railway strike may have caused partial paralysis," declaimed the street orator, "but wot I says is, if the locomotor attacks yer, hit back!"

. . . . .

"To regain national prosperity," writes a prominent newspaper peer, "we must all work like beavers." We know that the Beaverbrooks no delay.

. . . . .

How many times lately have our White Hopes turned out to be the Pink Limit?

. . . . .

MOST men look all right with their shoulders stripped, but a woman with one shoulder strap doesn't.

"WHAT is the date," inquired the visitor from New York at the Cheshire Cheese, "of those chairs?"

"1675, sir," replied the waiter.

"Here!" protested the disbelieving Yank, "that was before old Dr. Johnson."

"You surely don't think we got new furniture for *him*," asked the waiter, pityingly.

. . . . .

WE used to think the Vergilian tag, "O sea-sic omnes!" to be one of the most heart-rending cries, but never till our last cross-Channel passage did we realise the poignancy of Mr. Kipling's line, "We have fed our sea for a thousand years!"

. . . . .

1

Though she was fair and he was plain,
They wandered down True-Lovers' Lane;

2

And there beside a gate at e'en,
You might have seen Two Lovers lean.

3

And had you stayed, observed them spoon
Beneath LA CLAIRE (*True Lovers'*) LUNE.

4

But jealousy, I'm bound to own,
Stepped in and left Two Lovers lone.

5

And now at home do both repine,
Nor send just one True Lovers' line.

6

No orange-blossom now, eh, what?
Two Lovers? No!—True Lovers? Not!

A STRIKE ECHO

By Oswald Cuningham

WORKMAN: "Still out of a job, Bill?"
RAILWAYMAN: "Yus—just like my blinkin' luck to be out of a job now, when I might be 'appily on strike"

Far Fetched

BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A LESSON IN UNNATURAL HISTORY

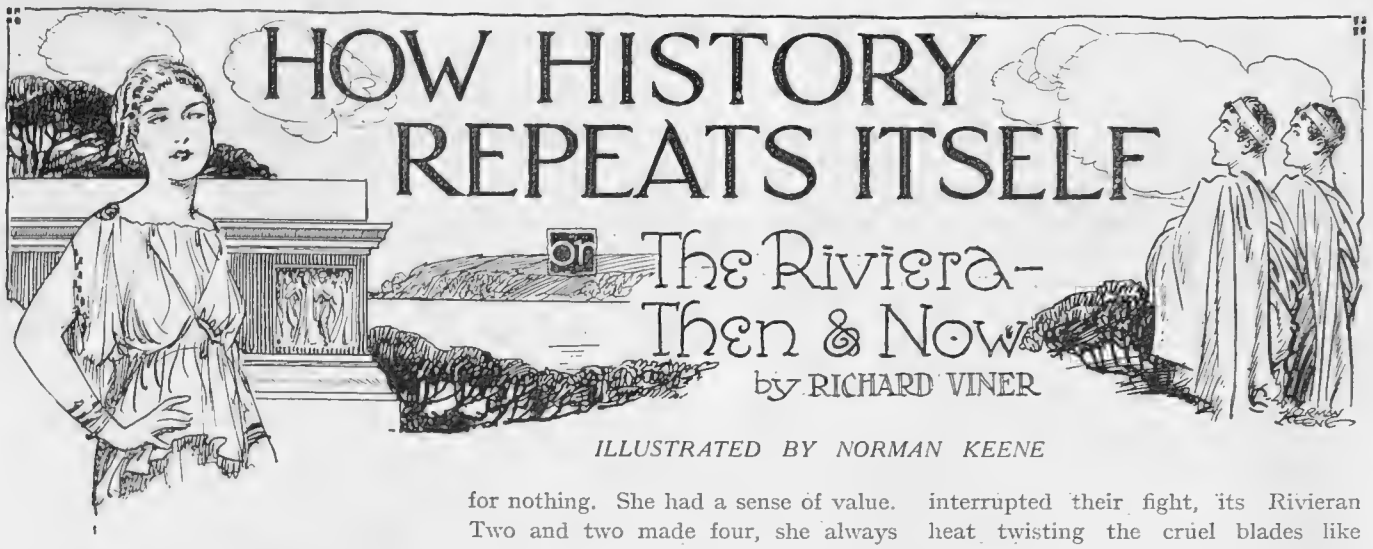
The kind Caddie-bird of St. Andrews pursuing its daily round

"Spirit of Water—Come at My Call!"

Photograph *Sasha*

MISS EILY GERALD

The Principal Dancer of the British National Opera Company as the Spirit of Water in Gustav Holst's opera, "The Perfect Fool." Miss Gerald set up this dance herself—it is probably the finest she has done. She is a niece of Sir George and Lady Ashdown



HOW HISTORY REPEATS ITSELF

or The Riviera—Then & Now

by RICHARD VINER

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN KEENE

(A little over two thousand years ago the Riviera, especially Castrum Marcellinum, which you now know as Cannes, was the resort of all fashionable Rome during several months of the year, the villas and palaces even eclipsing its modern luxury and splendour. The following, the first freely translated from the original—on stone—and the second a recent incident, gives some idea of how history will persist in repeating itself.

THE RIVIERA—THEN

ATAXERCES was the handsomest man in Rome, when Exerces was away. Ata could put the disc, bowl the hoop or chuck the javelin farther, truer, better, straighter than any other officer in the 1st Charioteers. Exer was in the 2nd, that's why.

Yet, despite this natural professional competition, Ata and Exer were friends, fast, furious and inseparable. When Ata drove a brace of oxen down the steps of the Rio Restaurant after he'd had one cocktail too many, Exer took the blame, and if Exer loosed off his javelin at a too persistently dunning tailor, Ata would probably go to jail for him—if he wasn't there already.

No ordinary friends, but then, no ordinary men. Romen indeed.

If they had been ordinary men Bella wouldn't have mattered. Ordinary men would have said: "She is good-natured, but she is so very like a fish."

But Ata and Exer, knowing nothing of women and thinking only of their javelins and discs, when they saw her said: "She is like a coddess." But they both had a cold, a Riviera cold, and they meant goddess.

And the spirit (100% U.P.) agitated within them, and they both moved towards Bella and said: "We have never been introduced, but it is a lovely day and we are in love with you. Choose and the other will go away and die."

But Bella wasn't going to be loved for nothing. She had a sense of value. Two and two made four, she always said.

"No, you must fight for me, and I will marry the victor." And she took out her Doitnow diary. "To-morrow I have my cooking lesson at half-past three, but I can give you from half-past two onwards. Will that do?"

Ata and Exer thought that it would.

That day they left the Casino at twelve o'clock night-time in order to be up with the shriek of dawn, say, ten o'clock, summer-time. As a matter of fact, they overslept, and it was not until three twenty-five, or twenty-five minutes past three, that their chariot-wheels left their respective hangars.

With scythes sheening in the blinding Southern sun and sighs hissing from the assembled Castrum Marcellinians, Ata and Exer advanced the sparking plug of their horses. But just as they were within attacking distance a sunstroke, or a short circuit, hit the horses full on the liver, and they fell dead.

Thus Fate intervened.

Then, springing from their overturning vehicles, Ata and Exer quickly had at each other with sharpened steel (best Sheffield), hewing to left and to right, and in between, but again the sun interrupted their fight, its Rivieran heat twisting the cruel blades like the gas stove twists the morning bacon.

"Eloped with the caddie-master"

Then were they forced upon their naked sinews, and flinging armour to the ground, battled with their hands and feet, so that those bookmakers who knew Ata took a size 10 sandal and Exer an 8½, offered three to one on Ata.

And the fight fought on, and those close to the twirling tearing pair heard strange noises in Greek, which they did not understand, but which I here translate.

"Ata, for Heaven's sake leave go my leg; you're breaking it."

"Sorry, old boy, I'm so hot. Let's edge towards the sea and get a drink."

And the spectators saw the awful battle slipping down to the blue sea, slowly, inevitably, just like the Blue Train, and Bella, who was standing on a rock, nearly hiccoughed, for she'd had much *pâté de foie gras* for lunch.

Nearer, closer to those lapping waves, riplets that would soon cover the vanquished corpse of a Roman hero they drew, but even as they edged so dreadfully towards that tireless sea, Fate intervened.

For suddenly, as Ata and Exer struggled, a swift cry cut through the atmosphere, which was pretty thick at the time. "Gosh," said Ata. "Was that the tea-bell?" But it was not. It was Bella. For Bella had fallen on a wet and weedy rock, and even as she tumbled cut a wisdom tooth and died.

Hence the word seaweed, but Ata and Exer, now having no quarrel, lived happily ever afterwards.

THE RIVIERA—NOW

Now in the year one thousand nine hundred and twenty-four, when income tax was pretty high and heels worn very low, and dresses hardly at all, there was a place upon the southernmost coast of France called Cannes, which some pronounced Karnes, as in Karsino, and others as in tinned salmon, while those who had no money said "Cannot" and stayed at home.

And in this year of low heels and high taxes there came one Guy to Cannes, and Guy was the best dancer on the Riviera until Geoffrey came; he also hit the longest, truest, straightest ball of any on the Cannes links, until Geoffrey came and hit one longer, and from which, they say, come the words "cannon ball."

Yet, despite their rivalry, they were inseparable, like Swan and Edgar, or Bryant and May, and often they would give each other a champagne cocktail, and often would they borrow from one another to pay for it.

And their friendship was as stickfast until they met Loulou Sansou, and then it became unstuck.

Both at once they flung their hearts just at her feet.

"We love you," they said, "and we would marry you. Choose, and the other will go away and die."

But Loulou didn't believe in dying unless you were insured, and she picked up their hearts and put them on the scales, and they both weighed two thousand a year.

"I would love you together so much," she said, for her arithmetic and her geographic could see that was four thousand, "but it is possible no more in France," which, though you wouldn't believe it, is probably true.

"Therefore, to-morrow," she continued, "whoever wins the game of golf, wins me," and she said it in French and it sounded like *pêche Melba*, or Kia-Ora in summertime.

Guy bowed, and so did Gregory, and because they were now rivals they gnashed their teeth and went separately away, though later did they come to the bar within the Casino and silently put down several quick ones, so that when the next day came it seemed to them there was a great storm raging and everything whirled round and round, quicker and quicker, like a bronx caged in a bar.

The whole of Cannes, and some part of Monte Carlo, had come to see the match for Loulou, for she would have been the loveliest girl on the Riviera but for her nose and the slant of her eyes, and her hair, which was not quite her own.

She was there awaiting when they came upon the tee. And a terrible day it was; indeed, it was more like night, for the sun had caught a cold in the nose, through staying out too late at Nice. But Geoffrey and Guy did not mind the darkness, for it cooled the whirling of the bronx and made three balls seem like one.

Guy hit first. He hit so hard he might have hurt the ball, but a last season's mosquito came and bit him on the nose and he hit a spectator instead.

"One down!" cried Geoffrey, and rushed forward with his baffy, and as he was wearing a mosquito-net and camphor in his hat the odds were six to four that he would score a bull, but to the fury of the bookmakers as his club swung down, a passing mistral made him sneeze and set fire to the camphor and destroyed the mosquito-net. But Geoffrey had prepared for accidents like this, and had ordered his caddies that should he miss they should blow, and blow they did, so hard that the ball rolled off its tee. Just one inch.

And after that, the mosquitoes having devoured all the caddies, and Guy and Geoffrey having broken all their clubs, they took to blow-pipes even as in blow football.

Thus the battle on that awful day. Inch by inch round those many yarded holes, and on the eighteenth hole were they all square, and they had expended fifteen thousand cubic feet of blow.

And all the while had Loulou followed them, puff by puff, blow by blow, millimetre by millimetre, centipede by centipede, until her nose was the colour of plums in August and her hair like spring spaghetti in the wind. And when they had made the final puff and still their fate was undecided, they demanded of her what they should do.

"Play one more, you brave men, and for the winner I will wait in the club-house." And the music of her voice was as garlic in a gale.

Memorable hole. Geoffrey blew the green in one. Then Guy, with an awful oath, took the ball between his teeth and hiccoughed—twice! Like a bullet, or a pullet, in the air it rose, quivered like an aspidistra about to live in Acton, and, like a swallow—in a small glass—dropped right on top of the flag-pin, quivered and aspirated yet again, and then dropped plumb in the hole!!! (Three exclamation marks and two siphons herewith.)

So Guy gained victory, and yet so great had been his hiccough—twice—he fell prostrate beside himself, and Geoffrey, having become a vacuum also, fell down likewise, and they lay still together.

And so long were they catching back their breath again that while they lay Loulou eloped with the caddie-master, so that Guy and Geoffrey, having now no quarrel, lived happily—until something went wrong with their handicap. R.V.

Photograph *A. S. Allberry*

A FOLIAGE-FRAMED GLIMPSE OF CAGNES

SUN LIGHTS AND SHADES ON THE RIVIERA

MONTE CARLO: A

Drawn on the spot by Howard V. Elcock

FIRST IMPRESSION

Some Riviera Highways and—Buyways

Drawn on the spot by Helen Mchie

VIGNETTES OF A WHIRLING WORLD

RIVIERA GOLF

By DELL LEIGH

Sketches by
HOWARD K. ELCOCK

No. I.

MONTE CARLO

To add a further and final touch to your enthusiasm for the Monte Carlo golf course, you should be feeling your way along the railings of, say, Thurloe Square, London, S.W., on a Thursday morning in January; your eyes smarting and your throat scorched by one of London's impenetrable fogs; and you should then open your eyes, in Nice, for example, on the following Sunday morning, to a *café complet* in your bedroom, and fling the windows wide to mid-June.

All the big pens down the pages of history have written panegyrics about the Midi; it is a fruitful subject. But the Midi and the golf it contains seems to have been a bit neglected. Being primarily a golfer, and secondarily a very small pen, it always puzzles me, when up at Mont Agel, and looking down at the gaming minarets and towers of Monte immediately below, how any golfing man or woman can endure "the tables" (except at night) with this golf course, and all that it implies, hanging, as it were, in the heavens above, and waiting for them to come up and take what it offers.

My chief difficulty, when playing there, is to concentrate on the game in hand. One's eyes are so apt to wander about the horizon and the tremendous pageantry of beauty that spreads all round you.

I imagine Mont Agel, from a point of view of sheer situation (and it *is* sheer), is probably the most beautiful course in Europe, if not in the world. So that the splendour of the place may strike you full in the face, if you have never been there before, get that genial golfer, Braun-Montin, to drive you up from the comfy Angleterre Hotel at Nice, which he owns, in his purring green Rolls. You climb the Great Corniche Road, apparently to heaven, and to the right of you stretches the royal blue Mediterranean, while to the left, range upon range of snow-topped mountains. And all around and about olive green, sun-splashed rocks, gay nodding flowers, warmth—and utter peace. The car's bonnet points up, up, and she rounds hair-pin bends, one swiftly following the other, until you begin to experience just that sensation you get in an aeroplane when the pilot suddenly puts her nose up.

Only when looking out of the back window of the car do you realise the continual gradient. You will be so obsessed with the grandeur of the scenery that you will arrive at the club house long before you have realised that the car has brought you up 3,000 ft., without having turned a hair. Only on getting out will you notice your height by the bracing nip in the air. Not a breath of wind. It is the sort of morning that you sometimes get in the late spring at home, what is known as "a perfect golfing morning," and is raved about idiotically in smoking-rooms for weeks afterwards. But you can get this almost any morning at Mont Agel.

"Monte lies under the heel of your club"

Hundreds of thousands of pounds have been spent on this golf course. The club house alone cost £80,000. And though perfectly simple and compact in construction, the Casino authorities, when they built it, fourteen years ago, seem to have thought of everything. Hewlett-Brooke, the efficient Secretary (who works for nothing, marvellous man!) showed me one very early morning the ladies' dressing rooms. I know dozens of courses at home where the *men's* accommodation is nothing like so good.

The French did an unselfish but wise thing when they handed over the administration of this gem of a course to a committee of British residents, and said, virtually, "you run the place on your own English lines, and come to the Casino when you want any money." What a delightful proposition for any golf committee! The result is that here you have a course and a club house run in all respects as at home, with a solid French background of assistance when required. The *Société de Bains de Mer* governs Monte, as is well known. What is not generally known, however, is that the *Administrateur Générale* of this powerful body is one René Léon, a man with an Oxford education, to whom, by the way, we gave a D.S.O. in the War, himself a golfer of no mean order. It must be very pleasant to have so experienced an Anglo-Frenchman behind you, when in difficulties.

But there is none. Except perhaps

the storage of water. There is, of course, water laid on to every green, but it is difficult to keep water on a table-land cut straight out of a mountain side. I am afraid I seldom have time here, on these ultra-perfect mornings, to observe the common usages of politeness to men I know in the dressing rooms and the hailing bar. One is in a fever to get the driver out of the bag and wave it threateningly in the sombre face of the Italian mountains in the distance.

Never describe a golf course, hole by ecstatic hole, to the man who doesn't know it. And to the man who does you are the abomination of golfing desolation. But if it be permitted sardonically to whet the appetite of a fog-bound and blasphemous Londoner, by words written in the club house window at Mont Agel, the roof of the Riviera world, here is a mere hint of the delight of the business. Going out on the crisp turf, smelling rather of peat moss, all along to the left of you deep mountain gorges, layer upon brown layer of them, with the somnolent sapphire sea twinkling in between. Coming home a sheer drop of 3,000 ft. puzzling you all the time, and yet never interfering with the run of the ball on the fairways—odd, but true.

Two holes stand out from an *embarras de richesses*. The 3rd and the 4th. The 3rd because it is a short mashie, down on to a very elusive and wriggly cup green. You hit the ball here, as a Frenchman once said to me so aptly, "straight into the windows of the sky." Plonk! and it is on the green—or perhaps not. But the man who gets a 2 here (I never have!) can with difficulty be restrained from talking incessantly about it thereafter.

The 4th, because the Tee is unlike any other in the wide world. It is perched on the edge of nothing. There is nothing, so to speak, between where you stand and Corsica, ninety miles across the flat sea, but seeming by its crystal clarity to be a driver and a full brassie away from you. The whole camera-obscura of Monte lies under the heel of your club. You would think to be able to throw a tennis ball over the railway and down the funnel of one of the cream yachts in the *crême-de-menthe* coloured harbour beneath. The 4th tee at Mont Agel is as the edge of an aeroplane fusilage which you peep over when flying above a town.

Lunch (much more than is good for you) at the open windows, the sun blazing in. You are not on the mundane earth at all. But transported, prematurely and undeservedly, to some ethereal half-way house between sky and sea. And you descend in the violet deepening evening to the naughty Monte lights with a sense of extreme physical fitness, which breeds a conviction that to-night, at any rate, you will be the Casino's loss, and not their habitual gain.

Photograph *E. Navello*

A LITTLE LIGHT EXERCISE

Sir Henry and Lady Rothband sampling a light portion of "The Cheese" in the sunshine of Monte Carlo

Photograph *E. Navello*

STEPPING OUT AT MONTE

Lord Edward Grosvenor and a friend take advantage of the coolness of the shaded Galerie Charles III to "get a move on"

Photograph] **A RIVIERA INTERLUDE** *[Marcel Le Noir*

Spectators, including Mr. W. J. Locke, the famous novelist, keeping warm whilst watching the polo at Cannes recently. The group shows: Mrs. Pretyman Newman (left), Mrs. W. J. Locke, Mrs. Martin White, Miss Sheila Locke, Mr. W. J. Locke, the Hon. Mrs. D. Leslie Melville, and Miss Gibson

Out-of-Doors on the Riviera

Photograph *L. N. A.*

A "CLOSE-UP" TO THE NET

Mrs. F. J. Gould, Mlle. Suzanne Lenglen, Mlle. Mallet, and Miss Ryan, at the Gallia Club. Mlle. Lenglen and Miss Ryan won the Ladies' Doubles at this Tournament

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

A POLO SIDE-LIGHT AT MANDELIEU

Miss Alwyn Pratt, daughter of Col. and Mrs. Spender Pratt, stands the ordeal by camera rather gracefully at the Polo grounds, Cannes

Photograph *L.N.A.*

GOLFING AT MANDELIEU

Lady Agnes Peel, Lord Beauchamp's sister, and wife of Major the Hon. George Peel, on the links

Photograph *Marcel Le Noir*

MORE POLO PERSONALITIES

Mrs. Converse (left), Baron Meyronet de St. Marc, Mrs. Liman and Mme. de Pena at Mandelieu. The team for which Senor A. de Pena was playing were beaten in the Prince Radziwill tournament

FOUR BRIGHT SCENES FROM THE RIVIERA'S OUTDOOR PAGEANT OF PLEASURE

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by MACMICHAEL

Produced on January 21, 1924

I ONCE read in the papers that when this play, now revived, was first produced in London a very distinguished statesman went to see it several times. I can only suppose that his discerning mind suspected a subtle association between pulling the strings and wirepulling, and he was out for tips accordingly. As everyone knows by this time, the play is about humble Scottish folk, and whether such a play be written by a native Scot or not, it is bound to contain some allusion to the alleged excessive thriftiness of the race. We of the South have become so accustomed to the gibe that we should deeply resent its omission from a play dealing with Scottish affairs. Also, they all say "Feyther" instead of "Father," without the least sign of contrition, as if they gloried in their eccentric speech.

SOME people have suggested that the success of the play is due to the crinolines. There are, it appears, some of our ladies who are desperately trying to revive the crinoline fashion, and as they cannot wear the things themselves for fear of making the policeman on point-duty blush pink, they go and see other ladies enjoying the clumsy luxury. The crinolines in this play are very copious, and they are so delicately balanced that when the wearer gives a sudden swirl, you get quite a liberal view of the underworld, as it were, before the well-regulated swing of the pendulum comes back to blot out the bifurcated picture. I venture to think, however, that the excellence of the acting has much to do with the play's success. The dialogue is quite commonplace, but the story is so homely that it might happen to anyone; and when we tire of heroines of impossible romance, we all like to hear a story that might be our own. Perhaps the greatest improbability is the frequent reference to Tammas Biggar's habit of regularly thrashing his son Rab, who is quite big enough to push the old man gently against the sideboard, and urge him for his own sake to keep his hands to himself.

IN these extremely advanced days it is a little amusing to hear that a woman cannot be a Kirk Elder because she is—a woman. It is easy, however, to understand why the ladies, who have unceremoniously

butted into every other masculine job, must necessarily shrink from an office with such an uncomplimentary title. Temperance reformers will note with interest that instead of the stage champagne of hectic drama, or the whisky-and-soda of polite comedy, the principal drink that figures in this play is—milk. Mr. Graham Moffat must, I suppose, have his little joke. There is a legend—scandalous, no doubt—to the effect that in Glasgow, at least, they have never heard of such a drink. But Glasgow is probably a long, long way from Lintiehaugh, where they take whisky only when they are ill, or when they think it will do them good, or in any other great emergency of the kind. Lintiehaugh has its own vices, mercilessly exposed in the play, and it is, I believe, a well-known law of nature that vices are like other troubles, the smallest are always the most numerous.

MRS. GRAHAM MOFFAT as Susie Simpson, a grim old maid who has spent most of her long life in trying to find a husband, does nothing to make the character a sympathetic one. Her demeanour is stern and forbidding throughout. She it is, as you will remember, who gets for a while a stranglehold on the not entirely guiltless Tammas Biggar, who has spent the money he held in trust for her, and can, apparently, only hope to escape jail by marrying his accuser. Mrs. Moffat's uncompromising sternness would appear to point to the sure conclusion that jail would be the happier alternative for Tammas. In contrast with her bitterness, the gentle charm of Miss Jean Clyde as Eelen Dunlop, the abandoned bride, is sweetness itself. Tammas should not have run away from her at the Kirk door twenty odd years ago. He should, presumably, have written a polite note a day or two before the ceremony was due to take place, expressing his deep regret at being unable to be present on that auspicious occasion. A bride, naturally, likes to know a day or two in advance whether her bridegroom is likely to turn up or not.

MR. GRAHAM MOFFAT has a very difficult part, but as he wrote it himself he knows where to put the blame. As a runaway bridegroom and an embezzler of trust funds, he is obviously an unsympathetic character. Yet Mr. Moffat contrives very neatly to make you feel that he has been largely the victim of adverse circumstances, and deserves all the happiness he can get. Miss Norma Fleming is particularly well suited as the giggling Teenie Dunlop, a raw young girl who is bashfully overwhelmed by the advances of a likely young man. The boy-and-girl courtship of herself and

Mr. Gregory Whiteford is very humorously depicted, and there is a touch of well-rendered pathos in her manner of extolling the grass and trees and the clean air of Lintichaugh as compared with the slums of her native Glasgow. It has been said that Man made the town, and there must be a good many hefty fellows who would like a quiet ten minutes with the man who made Glasgow.

WINIFRED MOFFAT as BUNTY

DAVID CLYDE as WEELUM.

JEAN CLYDE as EELEN DUNLOP

GRAHAM MOFFAT as TAMMAS BIGGAR

THE Kirkyard scene in the second act is stage-managed extremely well. Nothing much happens in this act except the arrival and departure of the worshippers, but all the quaint people we see are presumably types, even though the behaviour of some of them may need a little translation for the benefit of the poor, unimaginative Southron. But the young lady who arrives with bare legs, and puts on her stockings and her boots as a mark of reverence before entering the Kirk, can be taken for granted by everyone. By a happy coincidence the extremities she drapes, and subsequently undrapes, before our eyes happen to be of the shapeliest, and you can appreciate the appealing scene even if you cannot speak a word of Glasgow Scotch. You can even envy the gentleman friend who offers to carry her boots for her on the way home, just as the town gallant might relieve his best girl of the trouble of carrying her umbrella.

MR. DAVID CLYDE is a manly Weelum, and his quiet humour as an Elder handling "at the plate" for the first time shows a nice restraint under circumstances where the humorist must perforce walk with a wary treat. It is, I suppose, characteristic of the national Kirk, that the collection should be taken up before, and not after, the service. On this particular occasion there is no service at all; but, with a strange lack of circumspection, nobody asks to have his penny back. As Daniel, the policeman who of course does not work on the Sawbath, Mr. Jimmie Lennie gets a considerable amount of fun from his small part, as does also Mr. G. W. Simes as a beadle. Miss Winifred Moffat is, of course, the ideal Bunty who floats through the play

MRS GRAHAM MOFFAT as SUSIE SIMPSON

JIMMIE LENNIE as DANIEL BIRRELL

BUNTY is not exactly what you would call a play of romance. I suppose it is another characteristic of our Scots brothers to measure a sweetheart's charm by her capacity for drudgery, rather than by her speaking eyes or golden hair. Instead of mentioning to the girl that her beauty made you glad, or something like that, you would remark that you have heard that she's positively a die-hard at the washtub, and can cook as well as mother did, and that you have, therefore, loved her from the very first. The extremely business-like methods of the characters in this play may provide a useful example for the less thrifty Southron. Indeed, speaking for myself as an impressionable person, I resisted the impulse to call a taxi on leaving the theatre, and took an omnibus instead—merely because it was cheaper. JINGLE

A CRUISE TO THE GOLDEN ISLES *of* HYERES

A PEACEFUL HAVEN
The sunny harbour of Porquerolles, one of the Golden Isles

By CAPTAIN LESLIE RICHARDSON

THE sun beats down from a cloudless sky as I elbow my way through the jostling crowd of jack tars and pretty lasses that fills the narrow streets of old Toulon. Down at the Quai Cronstadt are the usual gay throngs of idlers, with much coming and going of naval pinnaces, and the sinister silhouette of the Mediterranean Squadron in the offing. The sea is level with the street, so that one could almost drive a taxi-cab aboard of a battleship, or a bowsprit through a shop window.

Outward Bound from Toulon

ONCE aboard, we are soon under-way, past fussy launches and the grey forms of warships across the blue, blue harbour out through the boom openings. Soon lighthouses and gun-towers are well astern, and the gay town dissolves into a yellow splash against the mountain side, crowned with forts, where Napoleon won his spurs against Hood. A couple of destroyers and three torpedo fry pass in as we leave this wonderful land-locked harbour. Outside we encounter a slight swell raised by a light easterly breeze. One by one we overhaul the quaint lateen-rigged trawlers of Toulon. Our craft is a 9-ton auxiliary ketch, a small ship, but a staunch one.

The Golden Isles

WE are bound for the Iles d'Or, the Golden Isles of Hyères. Composed of three main islands, Porquerolles, Port Cros and Levant, the Hyères group are among the most beautiful islands of Europe. Our course is set across the azure Mediterranean to the headland at the extremity of the Giens Peninsula.

Conrad's "Rover"

A SEMAPHORE station crowns the bluff, towering above the salt marsh and lagoons joining the mainland. This is Escampobariou Point, the scene of the most thrilling incidents in Joseph Conrad's latest book, *The Rover*. If proof were ever needed that Conrad had navigated the Mediterranean we have it in the fact that he knows Escampobariou, a spot in evil repute with *tartane* skippers, fishermen and other Provençal mariners. To-day, it is innocent enough, and we pass through "the capsizer of casks" (as its name implies in Provençal) without a qualm. A *tartane* that might have sailed out of the pages of Conrad is sighted beating up against the foul east wind, and we pass a three-masted schooner enjoying the fair breeze for Marseilles; in the offing, a black smirch of smoke betrays a steamer bound for Genoa.

Overhauling a small fishing-boat with a multitude of tiny, tanned, lateen-sails set on sprits, we draw into Porquerolles Island. On the western extremity is a brown, circular block-house that surely found its way into *Treasure Island* when R. L. S. was staying at Hyères. A breakwater runs out from the lovely wooded shores.

Aphrodite

WE pass hard by a sandy promontory, where a girl is seen rising like Aphrodite from the surf, her shapely limbs glistening in the sunshine as she runs up the beach. It is noon, and we tie up to the quay for lunch. Astern of us is a Government tug, and we can hear the chaff of the Breton crew.

After lunch we take a stroll ashore, past sundry small boats hauled out on the sands, to a vast square, where the inevitable game of bowls is in progress beneath the palms. On a hill, above a yellow church with a crooked cross, stands the circular fort of Saint Agatha, dating from the sixteenth century. During the blockade of Toulon these forts were used to keep at bay landing-parties from the British fleet. A shady walk leads past delightful villas gay with mimosa, roses and geraniums, tucked away in groves of palms and tall eucalyptus.

Photographs *Capt. Leslie Richardson*

SAPPHIRE SKY AND SAPPHIRE SEA
A glimpse at the picturesque little harbour of Pothuau at Les Salins d'Hyères

Sweet Lavender

PORQUEROLLES was one of the islands known to the ancients as the *Stoechades* on account of its sweet-scented lavender, *Lavandula Stoechas*, and a little fishing port on the mainland is called to this day "Le Lavandou" for the same reason. On the shore of a lovely creek, set among umbrella pines, vines, and tamarisk we find a red-roofed farmhouse with fishing boats at a wooden jetty. Floating across the blue waters of the tiny bay one hears the note of a mandoline, and the provoking lilt of a love song rendered by a dark-eyed maid among the pines, Aphrodite of this morning?

An Enchanted Isle

PALMS and mimosa, love-sick maidens swimming in a sapphire sea, this is an enchanted isle transported from the Southern Pacific. It is time to go, and like the great-hearted Odysseus we set sail "over the broad back of the wine-dark deep," bound for the haven of Pothuau at Les Salins d'Hyères. Between twin, stone piers we enter a miniature harbour packed with craft of all kinds and conditions, from submarines to rowing-boats.

Across the Salt Marsh

THERE are a score of picturesque lateen-rigged fishing-boats moored to wooden stakes. Two wildfowlers with guns strapped across their backs watch us from the shade of a quaint cottage as we pull ashore in the dinghy. A car is waiting, and we speed home to the Hôtel des Iles d'Or at Hyères, past pyramids of salt, dyed red in the glow of the setting sun.

A Wig-ged Libel on the Sc-alpes Maritimes

BY E. T. REED

It is reported that "wigs are exceedingly fashionable on the Riviera," but our artist's hair-raising vision of the Côte d'Azur leans towards the picturesque rather than the veracious

THE ROMANCE OF THE RIVIERA

By R. A.

Heading by BLAM

I am not tempted to this title with a view to securing apt alliteration's artful aid. Nor am I thinking of those spectacular *coups* made, curiously enough, by lucky visitors at the commencement of each succeeding season on the Côte d'Azur.

The romance of which I speak is the romance of the past—distilled, like the liqueur of Fécamp or the scents of Grasse, from the books of learned men, the talk of old folk or even the travellers' tales of the period.

Each small town of the hills around Monte Carlo is as full of Romance as a bee-hive is full of honey. I never look at Eze, perched on its rocky pinnacle, without thinking of Barbarossa, the red-haired pirate, who sailed into the bay in the middle of the sixteenth century in the company of that bad man, the Bastard of Gorbio, and a horde of Turkish ruffians, each worse than Long John Silver and Captain Hook rolled into one.

You have only to look down on Eze from the Corniche Road to realise that it is the Impregnable City of all time. A climb past the famous prickly pear to the ruins of the ancient citadel assures the visitor that Eze could only fall from treachery within—and that is exactly what happened when the Turks sacked the town four hundred years ago.

A similar scene was enacted at Monaco—that pocket Gibraltar guarding Monte Carlo—when Francis Grimaldi, in the peaceful guise of a monk, crept into the fortress and put many of the garrison to the sword. This merry jest happened even earlier—two hundred years before the betrayal of Eze—but the visitor who climbs the winding path from the harbour, or even makes the journey on the tram from the Casino, will need little imagination to reconstruct the scene.

Then there was the romantic ending of the Convent of St. Pons, which stood near the present Abbey in the valley of the Paillon River—a river in name only during the greater part of the year. The late Sir Frederick Treves, who loved the Riviera more than any other man, with the possible exception of the Duke of Connaught in his villa at Beaulieu, told *that* story in his famous book on the Corniche Road. One night, in the fifteenth century, a party of gallants from Nice were caught in a thunderstorm, and sought shelter in the Convent of St. Pons. They were made welcome, very welcome, and delayed their going so long that the local bishop caught them as they were draining the final loving cup.

It is not a pleasant task to relate such a reprehensible incident in the discreet columns of The Bystander, but truth must out, and, as I was careful to explain, it all happened a long time ago. Anyhow, that was the end of the Convent of St. Pons as related by the historian, and if you ask me to point to some tangible evidence of its accuracy, such as a Roman pillar or a piece of faded parchment, I am afraid I cannot oblige you. Upon which, after the fashion of the modern reader, you may become sceptical; in which event I must refer you to—the historian.

There is, however, a silver lining to this particular cloud. One of the gallants was a soldier but lately returned from the Crusades, and one of the nuns was his lost lady-love. When the convent was closed, their romance was resumed; they were married at Entrevannes, and, I have no doubt, lived happily ever after.

Then there is the legend of Cap de St. Hospice, the little off-shoot of Cap Ferrat, which noses its way into the Mediterranean between Villefranche and Beaulieu. To-day, Villefranche, seen from the train, is one of the most picturesque harbour towns you ever saw, while Beaulieu is a garden of palms and flowers—an oasis in a wonderland—but when the Lombards came upon St. Auspicious in his rude hovel, things were very different, believe me. For, "on a certain day," a band of the saint's followers mysteriously disappeared, and only a miraculous crimson stream led to the discovery that they had been murdered by barbarians.

One could fill half a dozen Bystanders with stories of Saracens and suchlike, after a week's ramble among the little towns above Nice, Cannes, Monte Carlo and Mentone. The Roman monument at La Turbie is one of the oddest things in the memorial line of goods that you ever saw. Down at Laghet they still believe in miracles, just as Sir James Barrie believes in fairies—unless he has been pulling my leg all this time. You cannot golf at Sospel without hearing the story of the wild boar that saved the life of a local gentleman named Viteola in the year 1366, just as you cannot golf at Valescure without hearing of the wild boars that break up the greens in the year 1924.

Romance! The air of the Riviera is thick with it! It meets you on sunlit mornings in old streets, and in moonlit gardens within earshot of the quiet drone of the tideless sea. Romance is seated in the bus that takes your bags up the hill from the station to Monte Carlo, and Romance waves at you from the Casino terrace when the hour of parting has arrived. Romance of the Riviera? *Rather!*

Olympians at Chamonix

Photograph ENGLAND'S ICE-HOCKEY WIN AGAINST FRANCE [*Sport and General*

A general view of the rink at Chamonix where the Winter Sports section of the Olympic Games took place from January 26 onwards. The match in progress is England v. France (won by England by 15 goals to 2), the snapshot being taken at the moment when our team scored their first goal

Photograph *Topical*

MISS SZABO-PLANK (Austria)

The champion figure skater of the world, in the position so beloved of the camera-man that we are already getting a bit tired of it

Photograph *Sport and General*

THE ENGLISH CURLING TEAM

Who beat Sweden in the Curling Competition by 28 shots to 7. Their names are: Col. R. Aikman, Major E. G. L. Astley, R. Welsh, W. K. Jackson, T. B. Murray, W. Brown, L. Jackson and J. MacLeod

Photograph *Sport and General*

MISS LONYA HENIE (Norway)

The youngest competitor in the Games, aged 12, but already a finished figure skater. Glory be—her attitude is unconventional!

Photograph *Central Press*

CANADA'S PAIR

Miss Cecil Smith and Melville Rogers give a graceful rendering of the conventional attitude multiplied by two in the pairs figure skating competition

Photograph *Keystone*

C. JEWTRAW (America)

Winner of the 500 metres speed-skating race in 44 sec.—apparently an Olympic, though not a world's, record

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Epinard

LAST week it became almost a case of "Epinard day by day." Each morning and afternoon the papers contained Epinard head-lines. First we were assured on "unquestionable authority" that he would *not* run for the Lincolnshire Handicap. Then his owner was reported to have said that he *would* run providing he were fit on the day of the race. Finally, his name appeared among the acceptances. Meanwhile, I doubt whether there is going to be much betting on the Lincoln while the shadow of Epinard hangs over the race. The handicapper has given him a staggering weight, but the concensus of opinion is that the French champion, fit and well, will be quite capable of carrying his 10 st. to victory, just as Minting did in the Kempton Jubilee many a year ago. For the most part, there are a frightful lot of commoners in the Lincoln entry, and only one or two horses will be fancied against the top-weight if he crosses the Channel. Personally, I consider that M. Wertheimer is asking for trouble in proposing to get Epinard ready so early in the year, but, apparently, he and Eugene Leigh are quite content to take all risks.

Another French Colt

A FRIEND who returned from Paris last week said: "I've been told to back a French horse for the Lincoln — and it's not Epinard!" He went on to say that the name of the animal in question was Sir Gallahad. I was not greatly surprised by this news, for Captain Jeff Cohn's colt certainly has pretensions to real class. In the spring of last year he won at Longchamp the equivalent in France of the Two Thousand Guineas. If he got the mile at Longchamp he should be able to stay the Lincoln mile. I ought to add that the friend of whom I have written above, told me exactly the same about Rose Prince as he has now told me about Sir Gallahad.

By "THE TOUT"

CAUGHT AT KEMPTON
Some of those who were present at the recent Jumping Fixture at Sunbury

Good 'Chasing

NOW that the acceptances for the Grand National are out, we shall follow the form of our best jumpers with renewed attention. Old Shaun Spadah, one of the marvels of the age, won another race last week, and does not seem to be too old to win one more National. It was by the narrowest of margins that he squeezed home from Kwang Su II, and it is quite possible that we may have to reckon seriously with this French horse at Aintree, where he is much better handicapped with Shaun Spadah than he was in last week's race. At the moment, however, Mr. Percy Whitaker believes that Silvo will be his best in the National. There should be good racing this week-end both at Manchester and Lingfield. The feature of the latter meeting will be the Troytown Steeplechase on Saturday, for which a number of high-class 'chasers will compete. I expect to see **Gerald L.** return to winning form here.

HUNTING NOTES

By ARTHUR W. COATEN

Keeping His Hand In

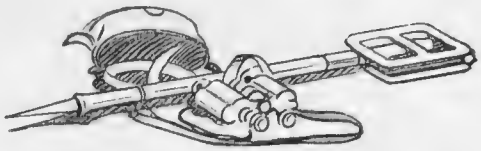
WITH foxhunting stopped in High Leicestershire for many weeks, Lord Stalbridge has been keeping his hand in by hunting the Limerick Hounds, whose own huntsman, Mr. A. P. Pollok, has been laid up. I doubt whether there is a better amateur huntsman on either side of the Irish Sea than Mr. Pollok, whom I remember more than twenty years ago as a Master in East Galway. Since then he has shown good sport in sundry other Irish countries, and no professional can teach him anything about the game. In Lord Stalbridge he has had a very able substitute; indeed, there is not very much to choose between the two in the art of handling hounds when scent is not serving too well. I am glad to see that the rumour that Lord Stalbridge was about to give up the Fernie has been authoritatively contradicted.

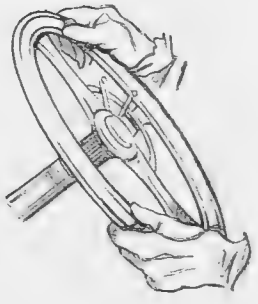
Women M.F.H.'s

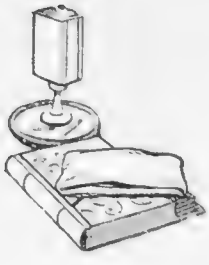
THE list of women M.F.H.'s is becoming appreciably smaller. Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Faber disappeared from it last season, and so did the Marchioness of Bute, who for a few seasons had hunted the Eglinton Hounds. Now we learn that Mrs. Amy Simmons has resigned the Mastership of the Tedworth country, whose members are accordingly looking for a new leader. For three seasons Mrs. Simmons has maintained the best traditions of the Tedworth pack, which was originally in the hands of the redoubtable Thomas Assheton-Smith. Women M.F.H.'s who remain in office include Lady Masham, who hunts the Bedale country in Yorkshire, and Mrs. T. H. R. Hughes, who for a long time has kept a small pack of foxhounds in Wales. Then there are Miss Kathleen Styles, who has been hunting the West Kent country during the present season, and Miss Guest, who hunts a private pack two days a week in the Blackmore Vale district.

Outlook Brightening

WITH the decline in the spread of foot-and-mouth disease farmers are now anxiously awaiting the "all clear." When restrictions on the movement of cattle are removed, foxhunting will be able to start again. Cheshire, of course, is hopeless so far as the present season is concerned, and certain countries in the West Midlands also look like being held up for another month, but in the Shires the aspect is considerably brighter, and before long sport should be in full swing there once more. It has been a tedious time of waiting, and has fairly eaten the heart out of the season for the Quorn, Fernie, Pytchley, Warwickshire, and Grafton people. January was not a great month for sport even in those districts where hounds were uninterrupted. A few "red letter days" are recorded, notably one with the Brocklesby and another with the Portman.







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That Riviera Feeling. By Blanchette

Illustrated by HELEN McKIE

LONDON, *February* 4

DEAR COUSIN—

WHAT do they know of England who only England know, as I b'lieve some one remarked once, or words to that effect? Also to which as a corollary or pendant or appendix or footnote I should like to add—what know they *really* of the joys of the Riviera or winter sports, or such-like luxuries of the dawning year, who can always reg'larly like clockwork taste the same at the appointed time, yea, drink deep of the cup, full, pressed down and running over, 'thout any sort of doubt or difficulty or effort or what not?

IN other words, and that is to say, stay me with apples and comfort me with flagons, as they put it in the Psalms or somewhere, for I am sick . . . no, not of love, but of what's much more serious and quite gnawingly destructive of all manner of peace of mind, the Riviera fever. That kind of desire and yearning, I mean, which somehow seems to seize one always just this time of year—a hunger for the Sunny South, a longing for the rich basking warmth of that infinitely fascinating Côte d'Azur, with its deep blue sea, its mimosas and roses and violets, its spacious leisure and its super-exciting parties, its lovely combination of health and hecticness all in one.

AND, when frustrated, does really make one feel just for a while quite fearf'ly tired and grey—not to be able, I mean, 'cos of all sorts of perfectly good, but I'm convinced quite fundamentally foolish reasons, to go and have the right and proper bath of sunshine and dollop of dancing, and the tables at Cannes—which is now this partic'lar moment the super-place of all (with prices to match). Or rather quieter Mentone, or Nice, the Brighton of the South. Or Monte Carlo, which quite a lot of people have rediscovered these days, and are finding a most genial and select resort, with some charming and fairly well-known Casino rooms and other attractions more or less just on your doorstep, so to speak.

SUCH wonderful clear air it is, that Rivieran brand, after all our fogs and mistiness. Such a stirring freshness in the soft sea breezes, such a wine-like soothing savour in the caressing friendliness of the Southern sun. . . But no. ATTENTION! Mustn't stop or look *or* listen, not one minute longer, to the voice of the Siren, lest we who still toil and moil in the Great City, be seized with emerald envy and all manner of mustard-coloured uncharitableness. (Can't help talking in tints, just for the moment, 'cos that's what even the mere thought of that lovely coast makes you feel, like.) And after all. . . .

"The fascinating Riviera"

AFTER all, we who by no fault of our own, but just 'cos we're among the world's workers, or 'cos the party fell through, or the frocks didn't arrive in time, have nobly and self-denyingly deprived ourselves of the first fine careless raptures of the Riviera in early Feb. . . . We, too, even we left-behind-and-forgotten ones, we have, methinks, our compensations and recompenses and *quid pro quos* and all that sort of thing. Pos'tively even the other day—and it may happen again 'ere long for all we know—there was a real touch of that most marvellous miracle of all the ages, an English Spring.

WHEN the sun shone unseasonably out of a clear blue sky, and the air was soft, and even the bare trees smiled and started trying very hard to bud. And you felt that any moment there might begin to visit us in our sordid and gloomy midst, those harbingers of the re-born year. . . .

> Daffodils, flaunting their gold in the Strand,
> Trumpeting signs of a golden land,
> Far away in the West. . . .

as one of the very newest of the new poets puts it.

"Hungry for the Sunny South"

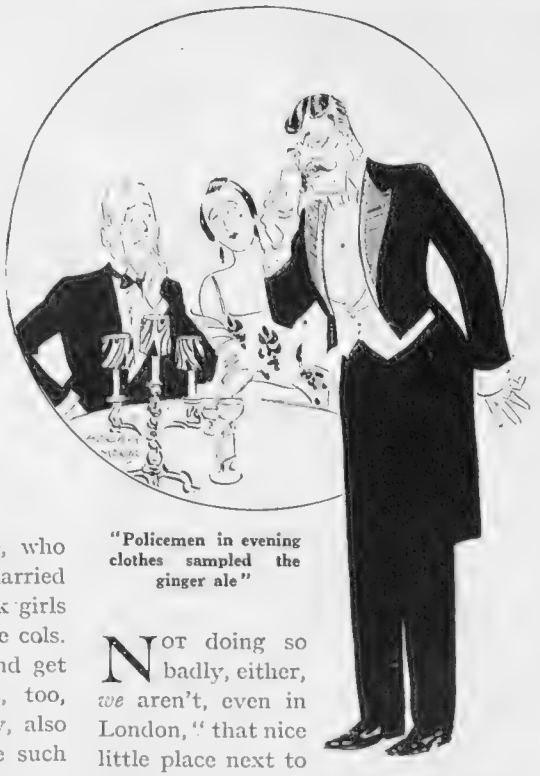
RATHER too early though to talk of those lovely blooms, is not it, 'cept s'far as they really are 'ginning to make their somewhat premature appearance already in the shops. The world, as far as the country goes, and all the young and growing things that thereto belong, being still more or less under the pall of winter—that in Feb., especially, here in our Northern clime, seems to reach one of its very blankest and blackest points, kind of darkest hour before the dawn, in fact, so to speak.

BUT in Town, not in the very least by way of being a black or even moderately greyish hour, this particular one, what? Not sure, in fact, it isn't really

one of the very brightest of the lot. All sorts of things going on at the theatres, for one thing, with no less than seven whole and perfectly good first nights last week. And the dancing places all going their very strongest and best—spite of the so-called raids that the 'thorities seem to have been making quite a habit of lately.

VISITING all the best night clubs, they have been—lots of p'licemen I mean, mostly all dolled up in evening clothes, and looking almost, only not at all quite, as if they might have been members. Like at the Lambs the other night, where they rolled up in force and took lots of notes about me and all the other quite 'spectable persons who were there, also samples of the ginger-ale and other beverages that were being consumed. And then silently and tactfully floated away again into the *Ewigkeit*. Almost felt, one did, as if they were a sort of "extra turn" 'specially arranged by the management. And certainly added quite consid'rably to the flow of talk, for such as needed it, if any.

'COS, you know, it's really rather wonderful, but I do b'lieve there *are* people living and moving and having their being in this most marvellous and live and deeply thrilling world of ours, who *are* some times, not to say quite frequently, actually in lack of and at a loss for what they call subjects of conversation! Just imagine it! Fancy anyone having to *make* conversation, when there's such lots of new things happening all around. Not to mention the old and perennial ones, which alone you'd think'd be enough to keep anyone chatting till the very moment they were called away to that last engagement of all that you simply *can't* cut.



"Policemen in evening clothes sampled the ginger ale"

IT'S people like that, I s'pose, who start "topics" like "Do married men live longer?" or "Are dark girls brighter?" in the correspondence cols. of all the best daily papers. And get quite a lot of eloquent replies, too, from other people who, 'parently, also have time and leisure to pursue such fruitful and important subjects. . . . Oh, how I envy them! Tho', don't mind telling you, if I, too, had such hours of spacious leisure, should be spending them, not here in the home of fogs and taxes and bills and budding Labour Ministers, but amid the irresponsible Mediterranean laxities of the Sunny South.

OR, for that matter, even further afield—Algiers, Sicily, Egypt or even India. Which last, I've come to the conclusion, must be quite a nice place, 'spite of all that Mr. Kipling and people have written about it, if it can or could or ever would produce even any kind or sort of semblance of anyone in the very least resembling Marie Tempest, as s'posed (on the stage) to have been restored to this country after a long, long absence, in the latest Barrie play, *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*, just revived at the Comedy. (Which makes five whole Barries all running in London same time, by the way.)

WHEREIN Marie, as a frivolous mother whose children don't take to her at all after all these years, is so 'pletely fascinating and utterly charming that you can't help thinking India must be quite a fairly broadening spot sometimes, 'stead of so fearf'ly narrowing, as most people, as aforementioned, are always ready to tell you. Just to hear Marie utter the simple, but significant words—"He's my son, he's a naval officer, and he likes 'em little!"—is in itself a Liberal, not to say a Labour, education.

"Mlle. Yvonne George at the Midnight Follies"

NOT doing so badly, either, *we* aren't, even in London, "that nice little place next to Golders Green," as they so sweetly phrase it in *Punch*. Where also, by the way, talk still seethes rather heavily, I'm afraid, 'bout political matters, and the little affair 'mong the Labour wives concerning No. 11, Downing Street, and what's going to happen about Winston, and so on. And where we're starting patriotically, to-day as ever is, some British Film Weeks, just to encourage home industries in that direction—and not before it was needed, either.

AND there's a Wembley Exhibish. ahead, with prospects of record crowds from all over the place simply swamping London. And a lovely new show at the Metropole Follies, with that fascinating *Parisienne*, Yvonne George, simply sweeping the board, so to speak—I mean, really and truly, all the clatter of knives and forks ceased in a sudden silence the other night when she came on in her simple, but subtle, black velvet frock to sing little French songs to us so charmingly that we all trickled tears of glad emotion into our soup, even if we didn't really understand one single word. . . .

AND supper can still also be obtained at the Embassy, under Luigi's wing, or at Ciro's, with Rizzi to superintend the swift arrival and removal of dishes exquisitely French, or at Rule's, with the ubiquitous Frank bringing your mixed grill or other simple local fare almost before you've ordered it. Oh, after all, I'm not so awfully sure I'm so awfully sorry I'm still, at the moment, here in England now.

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHETTE

Accomplished Equestrians

In the Bois.

In sport, as in the more serious realms of conflict, the Frenchman has won great renown as an equestrian. The officer of a crack French cavalry regiment certainly approaches the "beau ideal" of horsemanship, and to see him cantering in the Bois, debonair and perfectly uniformed, is a sight the élite of France justifiably cherish.

His nation acknowledges the influence of British methods in developing his prowess as a sporting rider. In the keen rivalry of the Olympia Horse Show and other classic events he is ever a welcome guest on this side of the Channel.

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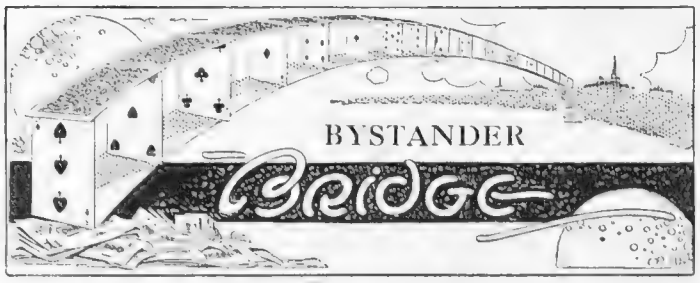

BY A. E. MANNING FOSTER

THE OPENING BID

A CORRESPONDENT tackles me once more on the initial bid question. I have laid it down that in my opinion the irreducible minimum for a first call, at love score, is the possession of two "quick tricks." These must be either in the suit you call or in outside suits, with this proviso that a major suit bid must not be made on less than five to the Queen, Jack, and only then if there are two Aces or one Ace and a King, Queen suit outside.

. . . . . .

But what, asks my correspondent, about a hand consisting of Hearts—K, Q, 10, 9, 8, 5, 2, and no other cards of value? "Surely by all the rules of common sense I ought to bid this straight away."

I do not agree. I know many players who would call "two Hearts" on it and some who would bid "three Hearts." But I regard it as a hand that should be reserved for a second round bid. It may, indeed, happen that there is no chance on second round, as opponents may have called too high—such as "three Spades" or "two no-trumps." But you have to take your chance about that. The point to recognize is that if you make a bid on it initially you deceive your partner, and, if the contract goes against you, it may land him and you in disaster. The common sense of the matter is this—Auction Bridge is a partnership game. If you make a first bid your partner ought to be able to rely upon you for two quick tricks, *however the bidding goes.* Suppose you call "one Heart" on seven to the King, Queen and subsequently go to "three Hearts" and opponents bid "three Spades." What is your hand worth against Spades? Possibly one trick, and that not certain; almost certainly not more. Nearly all the big penalties arise because players will bid a suit originally on length without strength.

By Molly Bailie

OH, WHAT A CHARGE THEY MADE!

So no wonder that was all that was left of them, left of (£)600

One of the great tests of good initial bidding is this—"What will my partner think of my hand if I have to put it down as dummy, or if I have to play it against an adverse declaration?" Ask yourself that every time you are inclined to make a doubtful bid. Remember a good secondary bid may be a bad first call. By your bidding will you be known To get a reputation as a bad caller is to discount your prospects of success. A sound bidder may take liberties sometimes. A bad bidder never.

. . . . . .

That there are exceptions to every rule is shown by a case given recently in the *Sunday Times*. At game all, love all, what should the dealer say, holding: H—K, Q, 10, 8, 6. D—None. C—9, 4. S—Q, J, 10, 7, 6, 5?

Now I should say "one Heart," being prepared to show Spades on subsequent rounds of bidding. The reason I should do this is that the Hearts are better for defensive purposes should I have to relinquish the call. But it would take a high bid on the part of my opponents to make me give up the hand, as I should go to three, or even, perhaps, four Spades later against no-trumps or Diamonds.

. . . . . .

The risk of being left in with a one-Heart bid is very small. It is essentially a hand upon which some further bidding is almost certain, and with merely an average hand with partner would prove a good Spade call. A hand like this, in the nature of it, is an exception to the rule about never calling originally without two quick tricks. It is a two-suiter, having strength in the two major suits. It has to be played in one or other of them, and for choice in Spades, as with six of them the hand can stand being forced better than in Hearts.

. . . . . .

The question naturally arises, "Why not call 'one Spade' originally instead of 'one Heart' when you admit the hand is better played in Spades?" The answer is that, holding the King, Queen of the suit, "one Heart" is a sounder initial bid. If your partner can support the Hearts, well and good. You have quite as much chance of making game in Hearts as in Spades. But if he does not support the Hearts but calls "Diamonds" or "No Trumps," you then show your Spades. I do not say that an original bid of "one Spade" would be wrong on such a hand, nor should any partner carp at it as unjustifiable. But holding two strong major suits it is advisable to try to show both, and the best way to do this is to bid the Hearts first

. . . . . .

I am glad to see my view of the situation confirmed by such an authority as the American writer, Mr. Wilbur C. Whitehead, who delivers judgment as follows:

"Regardless of state of score, dealer should bid 'one Heart.' Analysis and experience have proved conclusively that the minimum requirement of two 'quick tricks' for an initial bid by dealer may be disregarded when holding a two-suit hand—always provided that the hand contains at least one and a half quick tricks (*i.e.*, the average expectancy of support for a possible bid by partner), and that the suit called initially contains at least one sure trick, *i.e.*, the Ace or the King, Queen combination. This is something new, and not provided for in my book. Nevertheless, it is sound, the two provisions insisted upon, however, being *absolute.* Unless the player's hand conforms to these requirements, he must pass originally. The subsequent procedure with this hand will depend upon the bidding."

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Photograph *Sasha*

ANCIENT AND MODERN

The influence of the old days when the "glory that was France" was in its zenith has not affected the enjoyment which Miss Elsie Randolph and Mr. Huntley Wright, two of the principals in "Madame Pompadour," derive from the pages of that famous modern favourite, "The Bystander"

DECORATING SCHOOL BEDROOMS.

By MRS. M. VINCE

THE other day a friend told me that she had been looking for a boarding-school for her daughter. She had found one that seemed to her exactly what she wanted, but it was badly decorated and furnished, with ugly varnished papers, grained woodwork and oleographs on the walls. She had always been very careful that her children should have beautiful things round them, and she would not send her daughter, at an impressionable age, to a school where she would live among, and perhaps become used to, ugly things. She decided against that school, and then she wondered whether she had perhaps been too careful in allowing a mere matter of taste to outweigh the other advantages, the good care and the good teaching of the school.

BUT was she too careful? I think rather that she had put her finger on one of the weaknesses of modern girls' schools. The school which she saw was, no doubt, an exception in the badness of its decoration. But in how many schools is the same continuous care taken in matters of artistic taste as is taken in morals, in manners, in meals, in hygiene, in games, in dress, in all the other sides of school-life?

I KNOW one large school where, for three weeks at the beginning of each term, the temperature of each girl is taken daily as a watch on infectious illness; another where, for the same reason, girls are only allowed to go away at mid-term if they go by car; another where all sweets are strictly forbidden during term, with the result that the journey to school is a perfect orgy of chocolate-eating; another where not only are the number and style of the different clothes the same for every pupil, but every girl must go for them to the same shop—and so on.

IN all these matters there is a careful and steady control. But while artistic taste is taught spasmodically in the art classes, in how many schools is there any attempt to apply to it a continuous discipline? Yet it is just as necessary, and the school has just as much right to apply it. If you may forbid a girl to eat sweets, you may forbid her to have ugly and trumpery things in her room. If you may control her choice of dress, you may equally control her choice of pictures. But where there is any such control it seems to be used, not in the interest of taste but of tidiness, or cleanliness, or some other virtue.

THUS girls are forbidden to nail pictures to the walls; but so long as they hang them on the picture-rail, the pictures may be what they like. Or they are allowed to have only five ornaments on their dressing-tables—because of the work of the housemaids. In such regulations there is no hint of any attempt to direct taste.

THERE is, I think, just as good reason for forbidding girls to bring pictures and ornaments to school, as to bring sweets, or to bring more than the regulation clothes. There might, of course, be an outcry at first that they were prevented from making their rooms their own, but if the schools took some trouble to make the rooms attractive, that feeling would soon pass, and it is possible to make them attractive without interfering in any way with the need to keep them simple and inexpensive. I know one large school where all the bedrooms, although many of them face east, are distempered white and have furniture painted cream. There is a coldness and uniformity about this which is quite unnecessary, and the worst way to break that uniformity is to allow each of the five girls in each room to hang four or five pictures of her own

IF the rooms were distempered in different colours, according to the aspect, to give them not only variety but warmth, it would add nothing to the expense, and take nothing from the simplicity, while making the rooms much more attractive. Thus, in the north and east rooms, the walls might be apricot, with a soft shade of green furniture, or yellow with brown furniture; in the warm rooms looking south and west, greys and blues and creams could be used. Then, instead of each girl bringing her own pictures, there should be a school stock, chosen and framed so that they would be suitable in any of the rooms, and each term the girls of each room could choose from that common stock the number allotted to their room. So, too, with any ornaments allowed. In this way, some attempt could be made to have a school influence on taste in rooms as well as on their tidiness.

Photograph *G. P. A.*

MISS HELEN NORTON

The well-known dancer, who is in the cast of "Dolly's Revels," the new cabaret show which is due at the Piccadilly Hotel on Friday, February 8. She is appearing with her partner, Santry, in "Little Nelly Kelly" at the New Oxford Theatre

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This way combats the film on teeth—that viscous film you feel. Film clings to teeth; it stains and discolours. Then it forms dingy coats. That is why teeth grow dim.

Film also holds food substance which ferments and forms acid. It holds the acid in contact with the teeth—the acid may cause decay.

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A Seven-and-Sixpenny Tragedy

By "THE KENNELMAN"

Sketches by NICOLSON

ALSATIAN Wolfdog Club Trials at Sandown to-day, Wednesday, and the opening of Cruft's great Dog Show at the Agricultural Hall, next Wednesday, which, according to my latest information from the stable, is to beat all records.

Towards the close of both the past two years, readers of these Notes have been reminded of the tragic significance for some Dogs (not to mention their owners) of the coming of the annual licensing period. I happen to know that my governor's example has been followed by a number of BYSTANDER readers, who have made it known in their own localities that they would pay for new licenses for folk who were genuinely unable to find the money themselves.

There are, of course, some cases of slackness, selfishness, and meanness, in which people who could have managed to put up the modest sum required, have chosen instead to spend it on their own bellies, and to turn their Dogs adrift rather than pay license. Such nastiness is not common, however, and yet, despite all kindly efforts, hundreds of Dogs are said to have lost their homes last month.

Miss M. V. Lidgerwood, of 1, Albert Hall Mansions, S.W. 7, writes that the Canine Defence League had more than 1,500 applications from people unable to pay their licenses, and that the League's funds did not permit of their dealing with anything like this number. Miss Lidgerwood urges the formation of a fund to enable the Canine Defence League to deal adequately with all tested and genuine cases; and herself has generously contributed £10, which has been forwarded to the Secretary of the Canine Defence League. Any other contributions which readers care to send for this purpose to the Editor of THE BYSTANDER will at once be passed to the League. In paying for your own one Dog pal (or even for two or three, if you're lucky enough to have them) another three half-crowns is not a lot, to secure his home to one Dog unknown to you. In so many ways, we have made the Dogs our own creation. It's entirely due to us that homelessness is a tragedy for any Dog; more than for any other four-footed creature. Think it out!

Recent praise of the *Our Dogs* fine Christmas Number did *not* imply want of appreciation of that handsome production, *The Dog World Annual*, produced by the famous London doggy weekly. Its 200 pages, lavishly illustrated, are all good.

A doggy correspondent in Shropshire, who describes herself as "keen on looking out, as well as listening-in," considers it worthy of note, as evidence of the steadily growing public interest in Dogs, that we now have lectures on them broadcasted to the world from such centres as Cardiff, and delivered under the dignified auspices of the L.C.C. in certain continuation schools. Admirable. I hope the lecturers are paying due attention to the superior claims of Britain's native breeds, about which a reader in Johannesburg writes:

"It's odd to note how ready British people are to enthuse over foreign varieties, while for every purpose known to me British-bred Dogs remain easily superior to all others, in work and play, as pals and as guards, in character and physically."

BRITISH-BRED

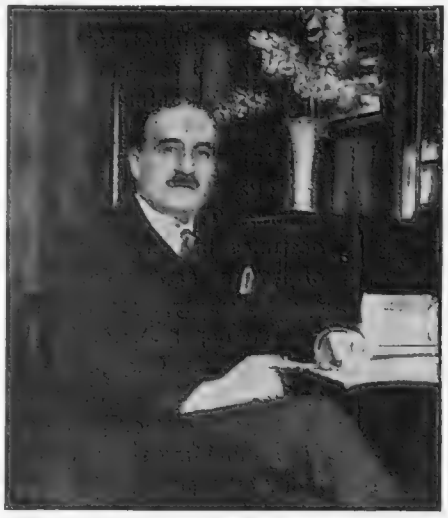
There's a good deal in it, you know, and the subject's cram-full of psychological interest, too, when you come really to study it. That question of character. Dogs respond to, reflect and reproduce the characters and temperaments of their human friends far, far more than any other animals; their relationship to us being fundamentally different from, and closer than, that of any others. They merged their destinies in ours, thousands of years ago, voluntarily, spontaneously, gladly, unreservedly; and not in the least because they jolly well had to. That's the root difference. Not only have we been moulding them to our fancy ever since; but they, with jolly pride and gladness, have been shaping themselves, inside and out, to our liking.

The more you study the psychology of it all, the more remarkable and fascinating you'll find it. It's breeding, in our colloquial human sense, quite as much as in the stud-book sense, that makes one Dog a *sahib* and sportsman in grain, another a pleb, and another a rank outsider. It's perfectly amazing the way they'll absorb and reflect human idiosyncrasy, manners, taste and the like; especially while young. Again, it isn't only the English *language* that your foreign-bred Dog never masters to the same extent as do the British-bred. He remains a foreigner in other respects, also; a fine fellow, I dare say, in some cases; but, as a pal—well, I confess I prefer the native-born, inheriting the nature and temperament of my ain folk.

The baseless old illusion about mongrel intelligence dies hard, and has just been getting another boost from someone who ought to know better, writing that "the mongrel has more intelligence than the thoroughbred, is a better friend," etc.; the old, foolish shibboleth. The healthily-bred Dog (or man) is apt to have more intelligence, and make a better friend, than the unhealthily bred or grossly pampered Dog (or man); but only untravelled and ignorant folk can suggest that the best and most intelligent human friends are the half-castes; and, believe me, the same holds, even more markedly, where Dogs are concerned.

The careless and brutal driver of motors or other vehicles deserves strafing every time. But so, too, does the careless person who neglects to school his Dog to place safety first, when exposed to the perils of the modern street. Unless your Dog friend is really clever and absolutely trustworthy at heel, it's your bounden duty to keep him on the lead in traffic. It's cruel to neglect careful teaching and positive control.

"THE UNSEEMLY ADVENTURE"



Photograph *Sir Lionel Alexander*

OUR LITERARY LOG-ROLLER

Mr. Ralph Straus, whose new book, "The Unseemly Adventure," has just been published by Messrs. Chapman and Hall. The first edition of the book has already been sold out, so there is no need for Mr. Straus to look as stern as he does in this photograph

NOT very long ago there was published a book called *Lady into Fox*, which told of a woman being turned into a fox and hunted by her husband's hounds. *The Unseemly Adventure* might have been called "Gentleman into Dog." From the moment that Humphrey Dorsett, the youthful squire of Queen's Dorsett, falls into the clutches of the disreputable Appleby Magnus, he is very much the under-dog. But Mr. Magnus is bullying with an object. He wants to make a man of Humphrey and does not leave him till the task is accomplished.

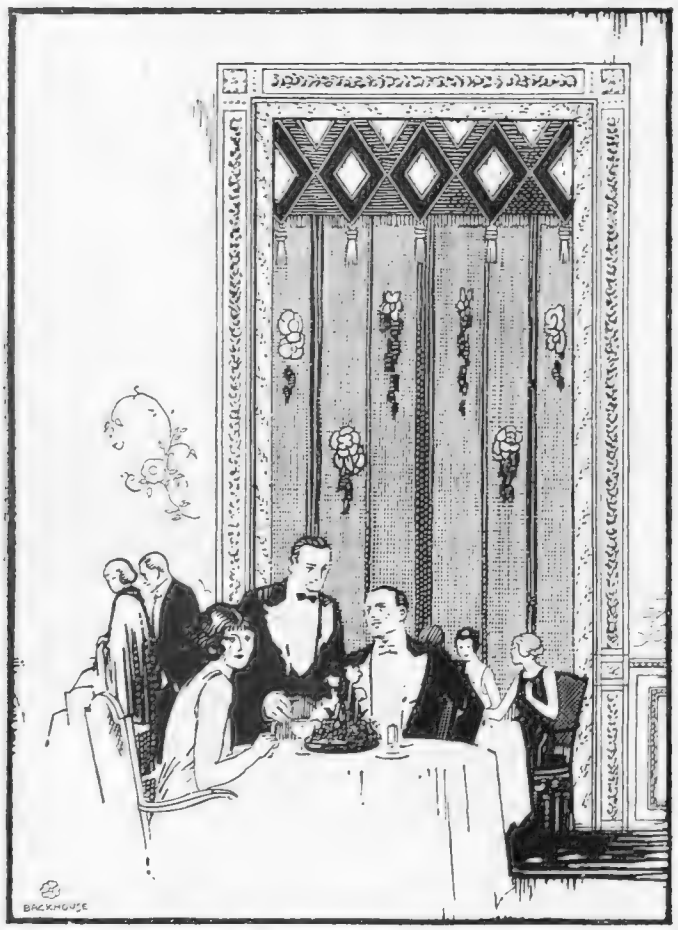
For "dear Humphrey," thirty years of age, is a shy, delicate, and narrow-minded fellow, completely under the thumb of a remarkable mother. He is a snob, clever and pious, drifting aimlessly. After a base-line career during the War, he leads the usual life of the head of a county family, becomes a magistrate, serves on committees, and listlessly scrutinises other county folk's daughters. Then two things happen. During the regular vicar's absence on holiday, a sermon is preached in the village church, which contains the phrase "negative slugs"; and Humphrey finds a drunken old fellow of sixty asleep in his summer house.

This strange creature, a man of culture for all his habits, mesmerises Humphrey into leaving home without telling his mother. Before this "unseemly adventure" is many hours old, Mr. Appleby Magnus has roped in a beautiful rustic wench, with illegitimate baby all complete, to join the expedition. Later he also acquires a valet out of a draper's shop, and the facility with which he gains followers is so great that we wonder he has to pay for the horse and cart to carry them about in. Surely Mr. Magnus would have borrowed them?

Contact with the lowly and the out-door life works wonders for Humphrey, and when Mr. Magnus is sure of his *protégé's* reform, he leaves him abruptly. The farewell letter does not enlighten Humphrey concerning the amazing old man's identity, and his joy in the change that has taken place in himself is damped by the loss of the best friend he ever had. Humphrey returns home to master the girl who had formerly despised him, and, shortly before the wedding, Appleby Magnus re-appears under his real name, which no reviewer has the right to reveal.

Modern novels are either dirty or emasculate or gowk. This book by Ralph Straus is as wholesome as growing corn and English ale. It is supremely virile, and the latterday sexless young man should be kicked till he reads it. It is humour-lit from cover to cover, and is most clearly written by a man of sound scholarship and fastidious taste.

B. M. H.



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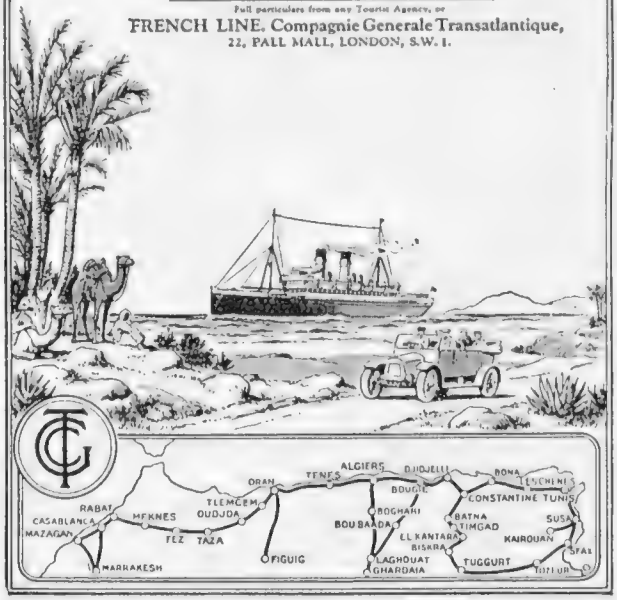

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GRASSE

"*Face-keeping*"

Good and Bad

THE BAD FACE-KEEPER purchases this, that, or the other "beauty" compound from various shops and stores, without discrimination or realisation of the real needs of her particular skin. Miss A. is brunette, with rather sallow thick skin, enlarged pores; Mrs. B. a blonde with sensitive, impoverished, wrinkling skin. They shop together, each purchases the same toilet preparation, which cannot suit both and probably suits neither! Bad, execrable face-keeping, disastrous to good looks!

THE BEST FACE-KEEPER IN THE WORLD is Madame Helena Rubinstein. Throughout 27 years her Valaze Treatments and Preparations have enabled thousands of women to gain and retain beauty and charm, despite social or domestic cares, climatic conditions—even imperfect health and—anno domini! Each Valaze product serves its own beauty-bringing purpose, described in the little Valaze brochure "Secrets of Beauty" sent gratis on request—so helpful to those in "face-keeping" doubt.

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MOTOR NOTES

A MODEL SCENE

A scene among the snowy peaks of—the Holbrook Motor Company's showrooms in Richmond. The car in the tableau is a two-seater Standard, whilst the fair driver and her friend are also excellent models; wax ones

NOTWITHSTANDING the strike, Glasgow held its usual successful motor show, at which not only all the chief cars of Great Britain were gathered together but also a representative bunch from Europe and America. Furthermore, all the heads and sub-heads of the chief firms turned up at the annual outing to the Trossachs on the Sunday of the show, including Sir Herbert Austin and Sir William Letts. Both these made speeches to thank their hosts, the Scottish Motor Trades Association, and Mr. J. F. Henderson, the President, Mr. David A. Fairley, the Secretary, and Mr. James Inglis Ker, the cicerone and leader of the pilgrimage through the fair lands of Menteith and the chain of lochs, for their hospitality and for such an interesting and historical trip; for the route took the thirty odd carloads over roads that had not previously been opened to the motor. On this occasion the Duke of Montrose and the Corporation of the City of Glasgow graciously gave permission to traverse them.

* * *

AFTER the annual Scottish motor show dinner at the Central Station Hotel, Glasgow, the visitors from the South presented Mr. J. Inglis Ker with a handsome silver rose bowl as a souvenir of regard and small appreciation of his efforts in organising these annual Scottish Sunday outings during each motor show in the North.

* * *

FOR fourteen years these pleasant and instructive motor runs have taken place, so that a large amount of the country historically connected with Robbie Burns and Sir Walter Scott has been seen, and its chief archæological interests explained. Also, it has saved the Sassenachs from the despondency that may arise from a Glasgow Sabbath, where a stillness lives that is felt long after passing. It also gave me a chance to test the four-wheel brakes on the 12 h.p. Delage, and right worthily did they respond to the driver's call down the corkscrew descent on such hills as those surrounding Loch Ard. Both the road and the name of the loch were appropriate!

* * *

BOTH the Swift Company and the Clement-Talbot Company reduced the price of their cars for the Scottish show. The Swift 12 h.p. is now £395 for the four-seater without the rear screens, and the 10 h.p. Talbot four-seater, with differential, is £325 with its Rotax lighting and starting and all its full equipment. Both of these cars should benefit by increased sales from the price reduction. All the Darracq cars nowadays have front-wheel brakes, whether of the 12 h.p. category or of the 15 h.p.

* * *

AT the Scottish show the 12 h.p. sports model was staged as well, with wire wheels in place of the usual Sankey steel pressed wheels; cylinder heads designed for bigger valves, stronger springs and higher compression; new camshaft, with valve gear and rocker gear to suit crankshaft; with balance weights, lighter connecting rods, machined all over and high compression pistons of 5.4 to 1 as compared with 4.7 to 1 on standard engines. Shock-absorbers are also fitted on this model as

(Continued on page 338)

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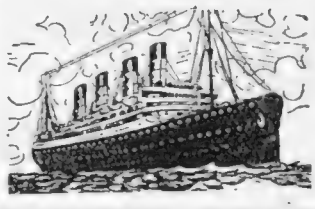

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MOTOR NOTES (*concluded*)

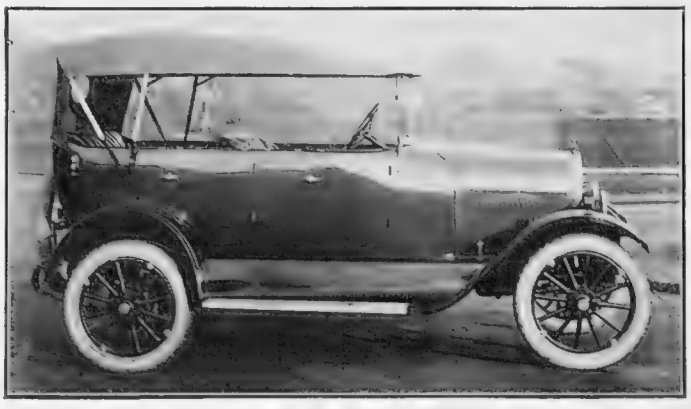
standard equipment, so it is not dear, with its sporting four-seated red-painted body, at £585.

* * *

PEOPLE often complain about accumulator trouble. As a matter of fact there is very little to get out of order, and in nine cases out of ten if there is any trouble, it is because something has broken loose from the vibration of the road, or a connection has got very dirty, or perhaps something is really worn out. Loose connections produce sparking where they give a sort of hit and miss contact, and there are not a great number of contacts that have to be tightened up if one goes through the whole installation. It is not very much trouble to clean a dirty distributor, and the position of distributors, generally speaking, is such that they are bound to collect a certain amount of dust and dirt. Likewise, the dynamo or generator brushes wear out, or, let us say, more correctly, wear unevenly and want just a little attention. Any one of these mishaps is bad for the battery, and all of them can be avoided with very little care or trouble. Nowadays, motor-car manufacturers are beginning to realise that it does not pay to put in the very small ampère-hours capacity cells which they used to instal to deal with the lighting and starting equipment. At the same time, batteries do require occasional testing to see whether the dynamo is charging them properly, whether the plates are properly covered, and the electrolite or acid solution is of the right specific gravity.

* * *

THERE is a very old proverb in regard to the rose and its title, but those engaged in the motor industry are being warned by their legal advisers particularly to discriminate between British "made" and British "built." For British "made" really is what it represents, whereas British "built" may be something totally different. In case the reader thinks I am only just recovering from the Scottish Motor Show, or Christmas, or something of an equally hilarious nature, I had better explain that cars built of imported parts or otherwise assembled, can be described as British "built" and get away with it, but are liable to be put in gaol, or rather the makers of them are, if they style them British "made," as the onus of proving through a wrong description that there is no fraud intended lies upon the defendant in such cases. I am wondering a great deal if there will not be quite a number of new catalogues printed soon.



READY FOR THE ROAD

A five-seater Rugby model touring car which has been built by Durant Motors, Ltd., of Slough. These cars are selling at the very low price of £240

* * *

NOW we have had some few weeks of darkness and a good deal of night driving, motor-car owners should have a look at their batteries, as I quite agree with those well-known makers of accumulators, Messrs. C.A.V., that people do not give enough care to their batteries. The C.A.V. threaded rubber installation certainly prevents the plates short-circuiting themselves, but nevertheless, no battery works without some care and attention occasionally, and actually it should be thoroughly overhauled once or twice a year. Fortunately, anyone who has a C.A.V. battery has only to go to one of their many service stations, where he will receive attention and civility, if he has any trouble, or better still call there before he has. OLD HY.

THE result of the recent Hospitals' Competition for a "Standard" Car will be announced on Feb. 15 instead of Feb. 1 as was originally expected.

Hotel Gonnet & De La Reine

CANNES.

ON THE CROISETTE.

View from the windows of the Hotel Gonnet.

NEAR THE CASINO. NEAR THE TENNIS COURTS.

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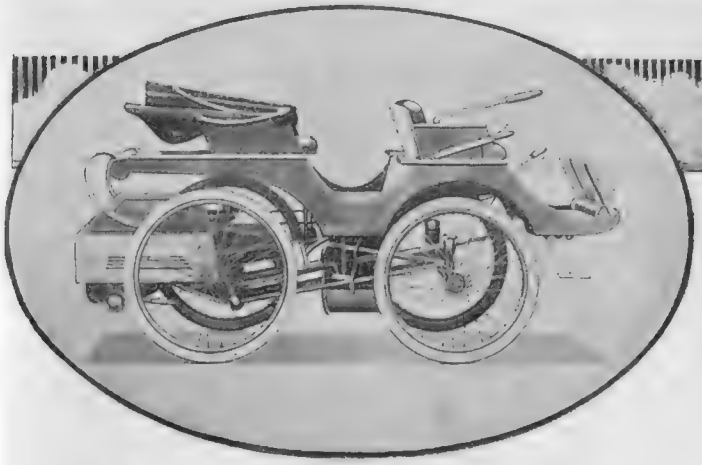

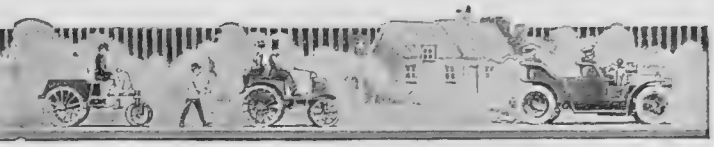

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Every Car has its day

THIS one, built to Mr. Lanchester's design, doubtless caused no small stir in the early summer of 1896.

It is claimed to be the first British built four-wheeled petrol car and was credited with an average speed of 12 miles an hour—a figure which no doubt could have been improved upon but for the low grade fuels then available.

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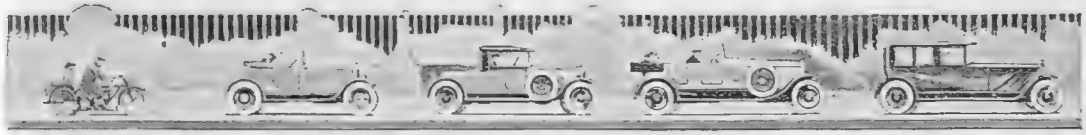

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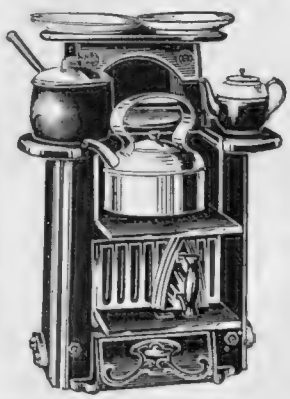

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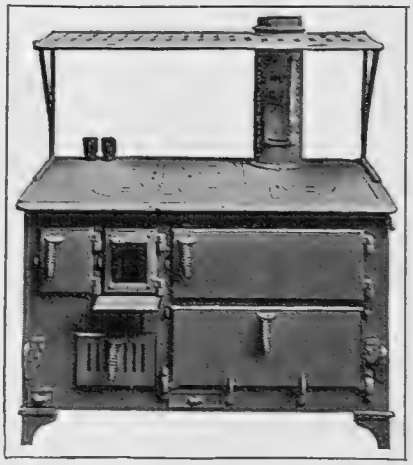
"Worth its weight in gold."—W. H. COOK, LTD.



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WIFESJOIE GAS COOKER

No Other Variety Is of such Outstanding QUALITY

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The Ideal Home

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Good cookery is easy with gas cookers—the proved ideal for all households, dependable, convenient, clean.

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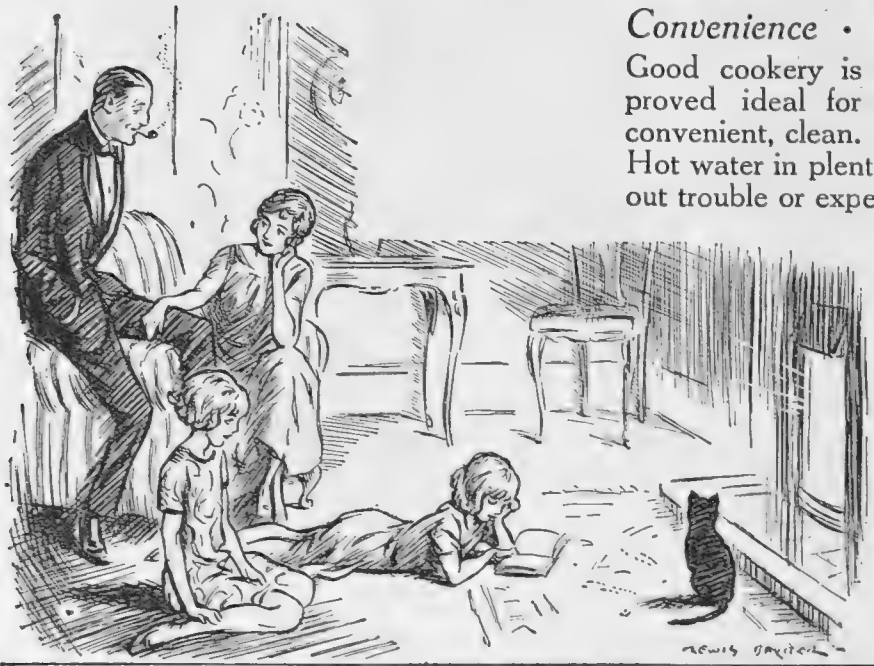

Healthy radiant heat is given out, immediately it is required, by modern gas fires.

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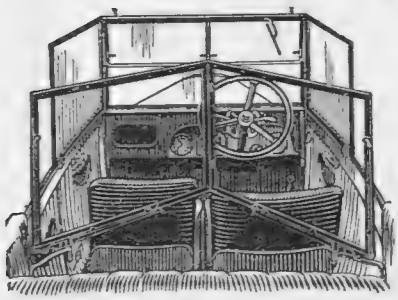
The Car that is different and REASONS WHY—

Hillman

The Guaranteed Car



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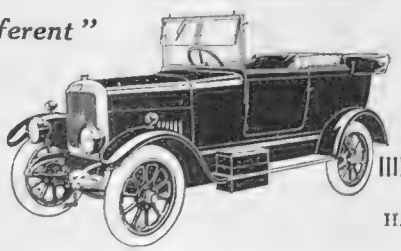

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63/-

This handsewn model of exquisite design is stocked in Beige Suède. Also Beaver colour, strapped self colour Kid, Louis XV heel.

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Our own design, a delightful model, stocked in Grey Suède with Lizard Skin strappings; Beige or Beaver trimmed self colour Kid. Louis XV heel.

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and when the clouds of misfortune and death gather over your family, the silver lining will be found in the STANDARD POLICY you have had the foresight to effect.

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Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

CHEZ ELLE

A dainty set of lingerie in white crepe de Chine. These are some of the many models to be obtained at Messrs. Dickins and Jones' during the present sale

Sketched by "Beta"

MATERIALS of a costly and extravagant character promise to be the star turn in the dress world of the near future. *Couturières* must startle and waylay, otherwise they would have to shut down, and as there seems little chance of there being any change in *ligne*, other perhaps than a greater slimness than ever and, some say, shorter day skirts, they have perforce to fall back on fabrics. In wool, and silk and wool mixtures, any and everything that resembles knitted wear or stockinette is taking a leading place, which rather points to the country type of clothes worn in Town continuing in favour, anyway for the present. Not that these materials for one moment are incapable of being rendered very *chic*, but their soft clinging character naturally exacts simplicity, innocent of any flare or flounces.

On the other hand, metal threads are introduced into jacquards and velours, while there is gorgeousness in silks and satins and printed chiffon velvets that has surely never been surpassed. Black is rapidly losing favour in the eyes of the really well-dressed for evening, vivid colours in marocain, brocades, interwoven with metal threads, velvet embossed ninons, and most strange of all, tartan-patterned chiffons being more in evidence, while there is no longer any doubt that *tulle* is once again to play a prominent part in dance dresses. It seems æons ago since we had this transparency with us, and never in such wonderful iridescent colourings mounted over shimmering sheaths of silver.

Under the auspices of *tulle*, the full dance frock is assured a further lease of life. A *débutante's* frock, seen recently, conformed to time-honoured tradition in white *tulle*, having a skirt of many irregular flounces, over which fell trails of small, delicate pink flowers from a low waist garniture of the same. Save for the long, straight corsage, this model was quite of the 'nineties.

A White Sale of Great Consequence

ALL that is of tested and traditional value is retained by Messrs. Dickins and Jones in their new and palatial establishment in Regent Street, W., who have allotted a large and spacious portion to their well-known and highly esteemed *lingerie*, which looms into particular importance at the moment under the auspices of a white sale that is now in progress. The bargains are alike remarkable for their high-class character and low prices, and include a considerable amount of exclusive and very *recherché* French models, illustrated in a nightdress of really fine quality white crêpe de Chine, arranged with one of the new long, straight bodices, and trimmed with an effective fine French lace and dainty ribbon bow ties. This at 35*s.* 9*d.* is very tempting, a straight chemise and step-in knickers, each priced at 21*s.* 9*d.*, completing an exquisite little set, that if desired can be had in several pale colours. The pretty boudoir cap is of crêpe de Chine, net and lace decked with tiny hand-made flowers and ribbons, and only 7*s.* 11*d.*

Charming for young girls is a French model nightdress of white lawn, the V-shaped neck and armholes outlined with a fold of washing net and a light scroll hand-embroidery, a unique achievement at 10*s.* 9*d.* Another, more suitable to an older woman, has a long waist upper part on to which the skirt is mounted with beading, and charming short cape sleeves, this selling at 12*s.* 9*d.*

Especially attractive, too, are the Schappe nighties, beautifully made and trimmed with silk lace, at prices ranging from 19*s.* 6*d.*, a special line of these having long sleeves which come out at a little more. Schappe pyjamas, jumper style, cost 29*s.* 6*d.* But there is choice here to meet all tastes and purses, not the least remarkable offering being the Princesse petticoat, sketched, of white Jap silk, the camisole top inset with crochet lace insertion at 15*s.* 9*d.*

Economy, Actual and Comparative

THE general plaint of the moment, however, is the tightness of money, and this, of course, very materially affects the dress question, the more so, as we have all, no matter what social position we hold, touched a pinnacle of perfection never before attempted or achieved, and how to maintain this standard and keep the right side of the exchequer is a problem that is puzzling at least 70 per cent. of the world of women, no matter whether they occupy some exacting social position, or are of the majority who have literally only an extremely small allowance to spend.

In both cases it is imperative to be practical, or better still enlist the aid of someone who has made a real study of how to make much out of a little. And this most emphatically holds true of one Lilla (53, High Street, Clapham), who, in addition, after a wide West End experience, to designing and creating *le dernier cri* in new gowns, has a great and particular

TWO USEFUL MODELS

From Lilla, 53, High Street, Clapham. The shirt blouse is of washing silk with a neat fancy striped collar: the accompanying smock is an excellent blending of the artistic and the practical

Sketched by Betty Nisbet

flair for dealing with renovations and remodelling.

Now this, in the case of good expensive materials, with years of wear in them, means a very appreciable saving, since there is obtained to all intents and purposes an entirely fresh creation at half the cost of one absolutely new throughout. For the procedure followed here is not merely to "do up," but actually to transform.

The Lilla smocks are far-famed, and are sent the world over for wear in the studio, farm, gardening, or doing odd jobs in and about the house. The example illustrated is as artistic in appearance as it is practical, being daintily smocked and having two spacious pockets. It is worn with a skirt that is obtainable in a variety of materials, one well cut and tailored, and made to measure in tub fabrics, from 12*s.* 11*d.*

The shirt blouse, sketched on the previous page, of washing silk, with fancy striped front, collar and cuffs, is one of many similarly attractive models to be found here, the millinery depicted providing further evidence of the comprehensive character of the establishment. All should send for the profusely illustrated catalogue, since in addition to the sketches there is a vast deal of interesting information as to the methods pursued by this extraordinarily enterprising house.

Make Beauty a Duty

QUITE excellent advice—and the neat, concise proposition of the Bristow firm who are responsible for the Georgian beauty specialities—and it is emphatically a duty every woman owes not only to herself, but the world at large, to make the very best of her appearance, a feat the finest and most costly clothes in the world will fail to achieve lacking a good skin—which, at the root basis, is a clean skin—carefully cared-for hair and an all-pervading essence of sweetness and freshness.

MISS MARJORIE SPIERS

Who is one of the principals in "The Beauty Prize" at the Winter Garden Theatre, wearing a gown designed by Ninette. This dress, which is accordion-pleated, has a sash and bow of multi-coloured moiré ribbon

An overpowering odour of strong perfume invariably gives rise to suspicion. It is far too obvious, and many scents and more powders are far too strongly impregnated, though that is far away from being the case with the Georgian specialities, which start at the very fount of skin troubles, hard water. This they at once soften and delicately perfume with crystals that are so essentially pure that a very small amount is required. The perfume used throughout in soap, dusting and face powders, and the actual liquid scent is so refined and elusive that it is impossible to define it. Yet it is distinctive, with the cleanness of fresh flowers, no single one predominating. To have attained such perfection has meant years of laboratory work, but the Bristow firm have 150 years at their back, and their reputation and fame is so valuable that they guarantee every concomitant used to be pure and the very best obtainable.

Their toilet soap is unsurpassed, and has the emollient qualities of a face cream. The fact that it lathers at once speaks for itself,

(*Continued on page* x)

The Instrument of the Master-Players

For more than sixty years the greatest Pianists in the World have elected to play the Blüthner. Many have expressed their enthusiasm of its tone qualities in unsolicited letters.

EMIL SAUER writes :—

"Still under the impression of this afternoon's Recital on your magnificent Grand Piano, I cannot refrain from sending you my heartiest appreciation of the most exquisite quality of your newest instruments, which are a delight to the player and must be also for the listener. I can only call it a perfect instrument in every respect."

The fact that Blüthner Pianofortes have been supplied to all the Royal Houses of Europe, and to the homes of over 100,000 discriminating people in all parts of the world, amply demonstrates the virtues of these instruments.

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Vickery's Very Popular Diamond and Platinum Arrows for Corsage or Hat, **£4 18 6, £7 5 0, £11 18 6, £16 10 0** Do., all Brilliants, **£18 18 0, £32 10 0 £42 10 0.**

Send for beautifully Illustrated Catalogue of Specialities.

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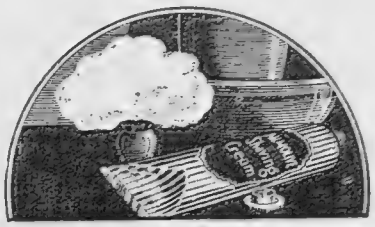

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The claims we make for Palmolive Shaving Cream may sound exaggerated—but they are not.

We say this cream multiplies itself 250 times in lather, softens the beard in 1 minute, holds the hairs erect so the razor goes through and not over them and leaves the skin so smooth and easy that no lotion is necessary.

We say this cream is incomparably better than any form of shaving soap you ever used.

These statements are true. You will agree as soon as you have tested Palmolive Shaving Cream for yourself. Make the test at our expense. Use the coupon.

PALMOLIVE
Shaving Cream

10 Shaves Free

To The Palmolive Co. (of England) Ltd., Dept. S.C. 21-23, Eagle St., London, W.C. 1.

Please send me FREE a ten-shave tube of Palmolive Shaving Cream.

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P.152c. B. Feb. 6.

—KIDNEY TROUBLES—

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French side of the Lake of Geneva.

MAY—OCTOBER

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"I am sending you Raincoat for cleaning, repairing, reproofing and tinting. You made such a topping job of the last one, that I am giving you something to go on with this time" ... H.E.C., Avenue Terrace, York."

No matter how dirty and soiled your Weatherproof may be there is always another 12 months good service in it if you have it FRANCO-BARBE CLEANED, RETINTED TO ORIGINAL FAWN SHADE AND REPROOFED. There is no process quite the same. Gent's, 8/6; Trench Coats, 9/6; Ladies' 7/6. Returned in a few days, carriage paid.

Fleur de Lys No. 13, the Popular Magazine Price List and "HIS," the new man's guide to better dressing, contain many money-saving hints, and are post free on request to Dept. B.W.

Alex. Kennedy & Sons Ltd.

Castlebank Dyeworks
ANNIESLAND GLASGOW

FASHION'S FANCIES (concluded)

and lathering easily, an ordinary-sized cake lasts far longer than one that through lack of proper fats needs pressure and hard handling.

Messrs. T. F. Bristow's preparations are obtainable at all high-class chemists and stores at prices well within the range of the average purse.

Competition Counting

I rather envy the thousands of people who enter for popular competitions—like our Actor Election, for instance. They may chafe at the delay of announcing results, but, at any rate, there always remains the joy of anticipation, until the results are made public. And then there is the pleasure of talking about it—of how it was that So-and-So was put in the wrong place; or how in the world someone else failed to gain a place; or what induced the stupid organisers to omit dear Whatsisname from their list. And so on. But for the poor staff who are counting votes and entering up names on complicated sheets there are no such joys. In fact, their only joy is that which is supposed to go with labour well done. And, as everyone knows, *that* is a very doubtful quantity. Needless to say, I've been listening to the loud lamentations of our chief Competition organiser. He had hoped to have his election charts completed next week, but they are not yet finished. Incidentally, I hear that there is a special staff of fifty people working hard on Fry's great "Girl Name" Competition for their £1,000 prize. It will be several weeks before Fry's will be able to announce the results, owing to the huge number of entries.

Prizes in Paraffin

A simple new competition is one which has been devised by Aladdin Industries, Ltd., the makers of the popular Aladdin incandescent paraffin lamp. These people are offering £500 in prizes for the nearest estimate of the value of the paraffin imports into Great Britain during the first four months of this year. The closing date is April 30, and entries should be sent to Aladdin Industries, Ltd., 136, Southwark Street, S.E.1, from whom particulars can be obtained.

MAKING BEAUTY A DUTY

Some of the Georgian toilet preparations that substantiate the claims of Messrs. T. F. Bristow and Co. to make Beauty a duty—and a very pleasant one at that

A Cookery Hint

While we are on the subject of competitions, some very useful results are the outcome of the "Bisto" one which was held some months ago. In it, Messrs. Cerebos, Ltd., of Cerebos House, Willesden, N.W.10, asked for recipes using this excellent product. The best of these suggestions are now incorporated in a booklet, "101 Bisto Recipes," which may be had for the asking, and which can be recommended to all households wherein kitchen economy is studied. It is surprising what Bisto can do, and in how many dishes it can be used with advantage. It is, of course, best known as a valuable ingredient of gravies, soups and stews, but it can be used quite as well in such varied products of the kitchen as coffee cake, cheese fritters, curried rice, devilled crab, kidney omelette, and even in nut cutlets—if you must have them!

Where There is no Competition

There is not much competition for mistaken identity—not, at any rate, when the name in question is that of a discharged bankrupt. Mr. Samson Clark, of East Molesey, Chairman of Samson Clark and Co., Ltd., the well-known advertising agents, writes to inform us that he is not in any way connected with Mr. Samson Clark, of 63, Kent House Road, Sydenham, S.E., against whom a receiving order in bankruptcy was recently gazetted.

Clubs are Trumps

Dr. Johnson, in speaking of his amanuensis, the indefatigable Boswell, described him as "a very clubable man," but to judge from *A List of English Clubs in all Parts of the World* for 1924 (Spottiswoode, Ballantyne and Co., Ltd.: 7s. 6d.), Boswell, if he lived to-day, would be by no means unique in this distinction. For this book contains a list of as many as 3,950 English clubs scattered all over the habitable globe, and includes no less than 1,546 golf clubs in its lists. Anyone who is wavering between joining, say, the Saville or the Killarney Commercial Club, will find details in this little book which may settle the momentous question for them once and for all.

BY ROYAL APPOINTMENT TO THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING & QUEEN

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OF BOND STREET

CLOTHES
for
YOUNG MEN, YOUNG LADIES
SCHOOL BOYS, SCHOOL GIRLS
and
CHILDREN OF KINDERGARTEN AGE

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BRISTOW'S GEORGIAN TOILET PREPARATIONS

MISS FAY COMPTON
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Comedy Theatre, S.W.
Dear Sirs,
I use your Georgian Soap, Beauty Powder and Shampoo Powders, and find them all quite excellent, of delicious perfume and most refreshing in use.
Yours truly
FAY COMPTON.

Bristow's Toilet Preparations can be obtained from all Chemists and Stores throughout the country.

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10" per Tablet.
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Send name of your Stores
Make beauty a duty!

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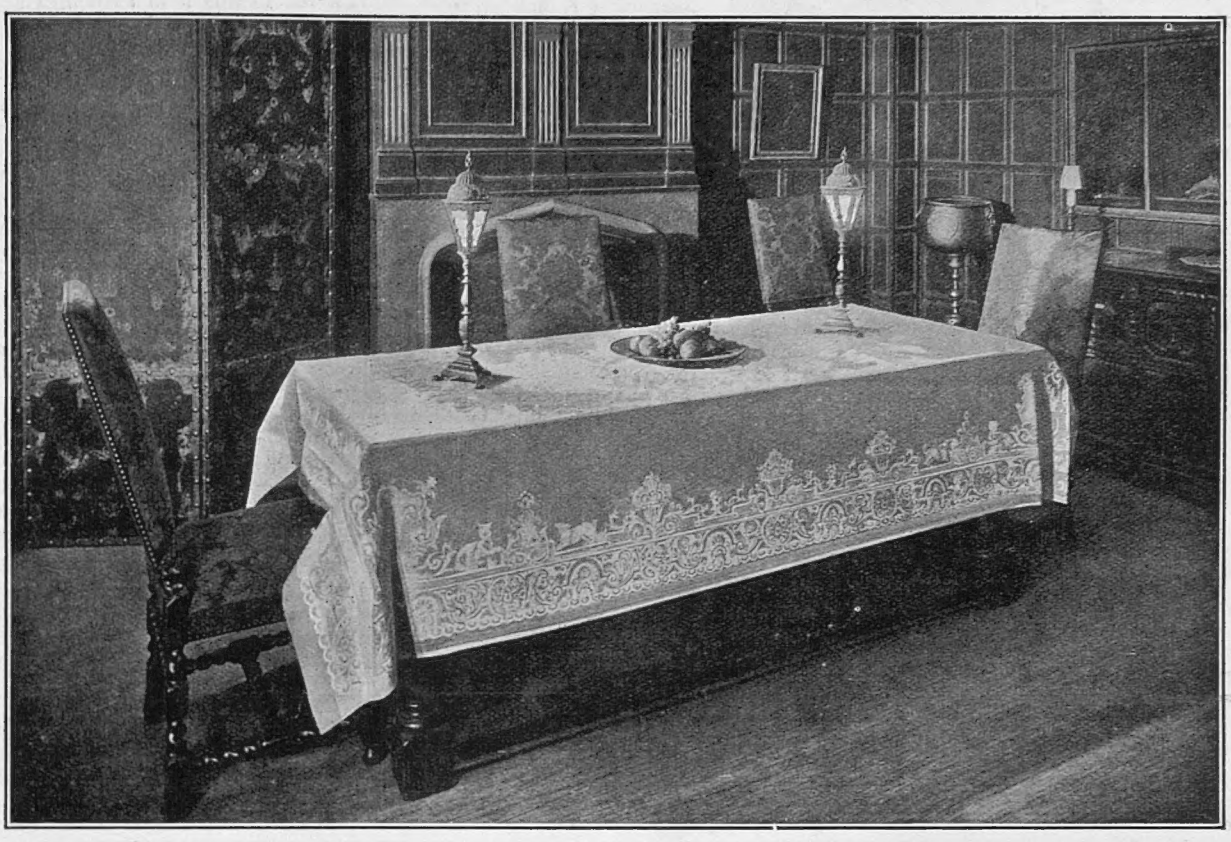

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When replenishing your linen cupboard ask for "Old Bleach" linens—almost everything required for the household can be got under this guaranteed name. All the best shops stock them.

In linen, beauty and durability go together. "Old Bleach" linens give longer wear because they are soft; and for the same reason they are brilliant and beautiful to look at.

The reason for their softness is the old, gentle, grass-bleaching process which they undergo—hence the name "Old Bleach."

"OLD BLEACH"

REGISTERED TRADE MARK

PURE IRISH LINENS

"Old Bleach" linens are stamped "Old Bleach" on every yard.
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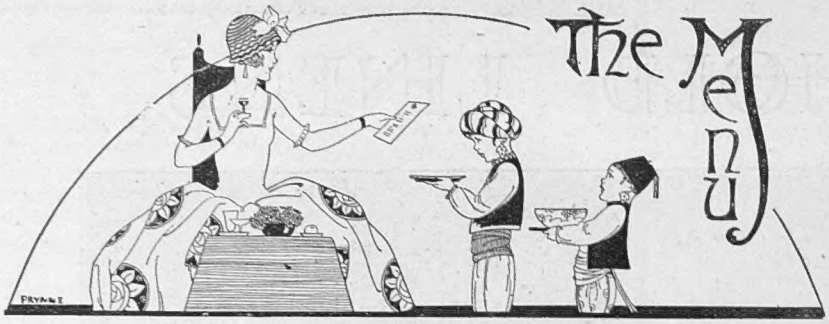
THE "OLD BLEACH" INTERNATIONAL NEEDLEWORK CONTEST is now running. OVER 200 PRIZES. Ask your draper for particulars or write to Needlework Department, Randalstown.

THE "OLD BLEACH" LINEN CO. LTD., RANDALSTOWN, NORTHERN IRELAND



SOME NOVEL DISHES

French Scallop Fricassée

SCALLOPS are now fairly plentiful and cooked as they do them in France make a very nice dish. Cook 1½ dozen large scallops in a stewpan with just sufficiently slightly-salted water to cover, to which add the juice of half a lemon, a small sliced onion and a small blade of mace. Cover the pan and allow it to simmer for half an hour, then remove the mace and onion. Mix 1½ oz. of butter with a tablespoonful of flour, stir in half gill of stock or milk and half gill of cream, add this to the scallops and cook them for another fifteen or twenty minutes. Season with salt and white pepper and serve in a hot dish.

Red Mullets à la Française

Wipe six small red mullets with a damp cloth, put into a stewpan two tablespoonfuls of oil, and stir into it one dessertspoonful of chopped onions, one of chopped mushrooms, and one of minced parsley; fry these in the oil, then strain it off, and add a small glass of sherry; lay in the mullets, season with salt and pepper, add a little white stock, cover with a buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for about twenty minutes. When done, remove the paper, dish up the fish and keep hot. Take off the oily substance from the pan, put it on the fire with a cupful of brown sauce, one dessertspoonful of anchovy essence, and a dessertspoonful of Worcestershire Sauce, also a pinch of sugar. Let it boil for a few minutes, and pass through a sieve. Pour the sauce over the fish and serve.

Calves Brains à la Provençale

Remove the skin from a set of calves brains, and soak them in water for two hours, then boil them quickly in salted water, adding a little vinegar, for ten minutes. Meanwhile, parboil four minced onions in salted water for five minutes, then strain and squeeze them dry in a cloth. Put the blanched onions into a stewpan with 2 ozs. of butter, 1 oz. of glaze, half a gill of stock, and half a clove of garlic finely minced; cover all closely, and cook until the onion is quite soft, then add a gill of brown sauce, and rub it through a sieve. Cut the brains into small pieces, and warm them in the sauce, adding a spoonful of minced parsley. Dish them in an entrée dish, garnish with fried croûtons, and strew some browned breadcrumbs on the top.

Rabbit à la Marengo

Cut a good-sized young rabbit into neat joints of even size, wipe each with a damp cloth, and season with salt and pepper. Put into a sauté-pan two tablespoonfuls of olive oil, and two tablespoonfuls of butter; when hot put in the pieces of rabbit and fry them until slightly brown. Add a small bouquet of herbs and a small clove of garlic, blend both in the fat; then pour off the fat, and add a glass of white wine—Chablis or Sauterne—let this reduce a little, then add three or four tablespoonfuls of tomato purée and half pint brown sauce, also twelve small mushrooms cut into slices. Let all cook carefully for about forty minutes, and send up very hot to table. This can be cooked in a casserole.

Chutney Sauce

Mix with six tablespoonfuls of brown sauce, one tablespoonful of chutney, one tablespoonful of Worcestershire sauce, a teaspoonful of made mustard, salt and pepper. Boil for three minutes.

EMILIA

DO YOU WISH TO HAVE A GOOD COMPLEXION?

Is it not worth while to give just a little attention to your complexion *every* day and secure for yourself complete complexion health and beauty? Even in winter it is possible to keep the complexion always fresh-looking and radiant by the regular use of

BEETHAM'S La-rola

(as pre-war).

It is soothing and pleasant to use and allays all irritation in a moment. Take care of your hands with "LA-ROLA." It keeps them soft, smooth and white at all seasons.

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